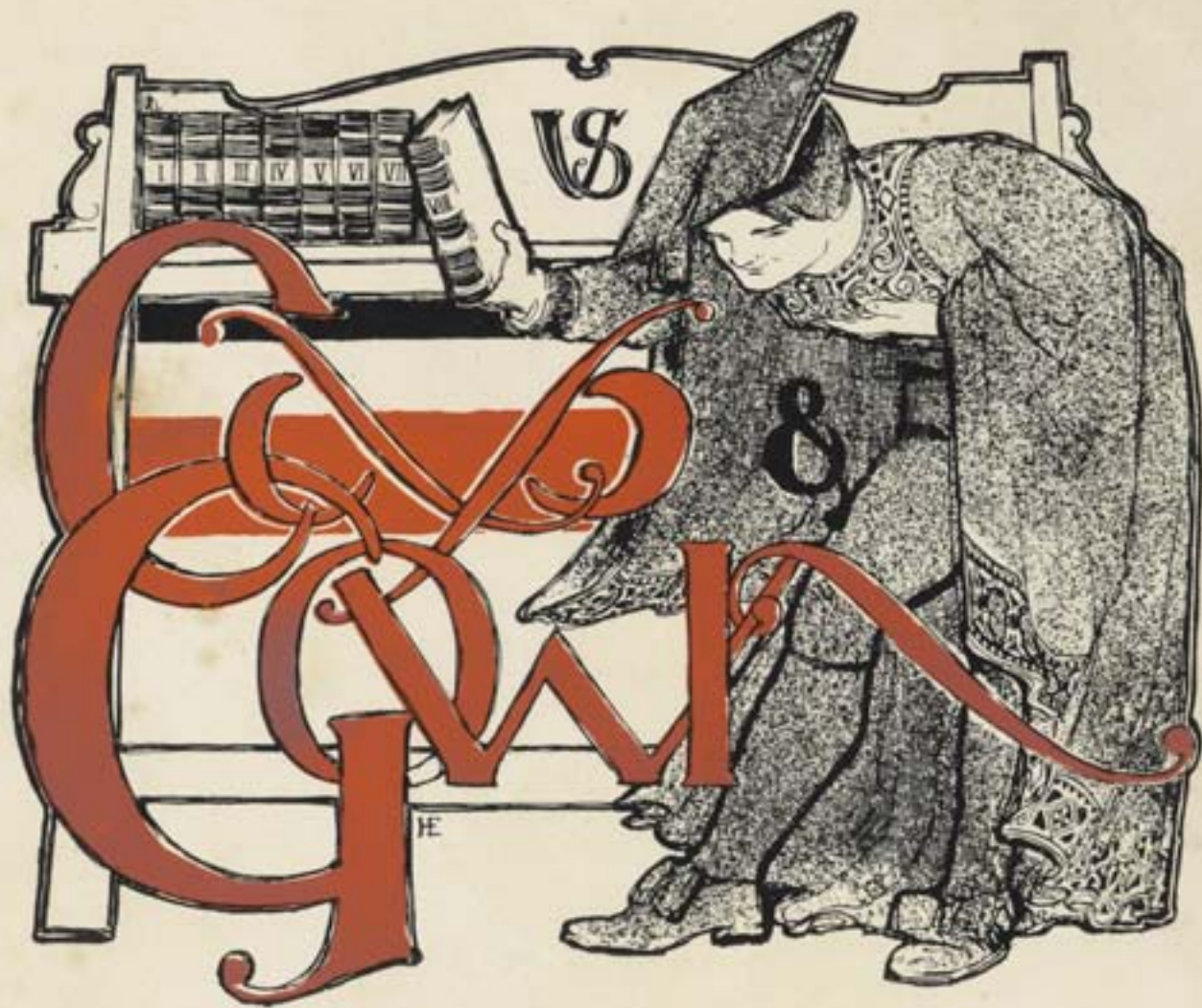




Cap and Gown

MCMIII







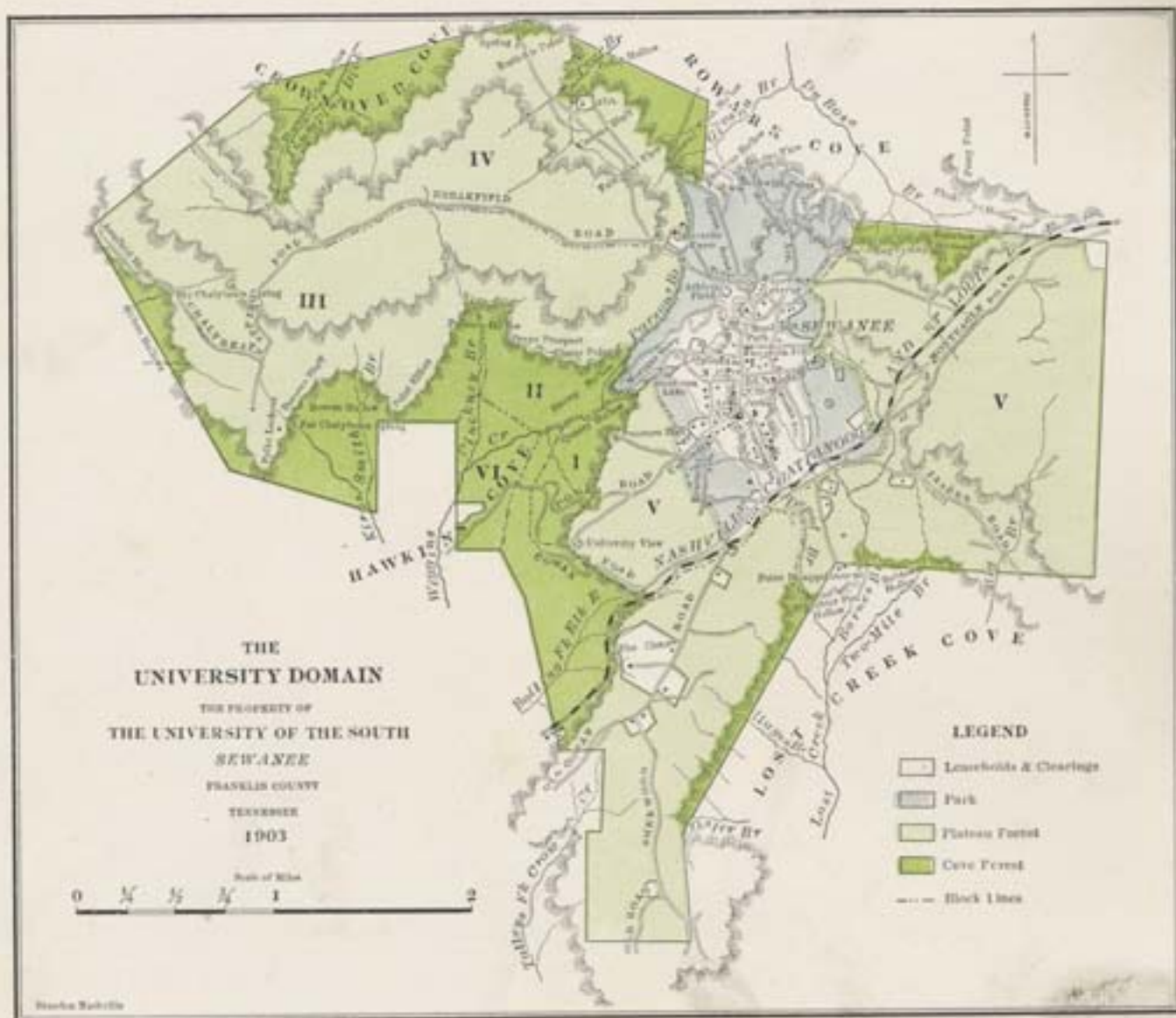


Calendar. 1903

MARCH 17-18 . . .	General Entrance Examinations
MARCH 19 . . .	Lent Term begins in all Departments of the University, except the Medical
APRIL 10 . . .	Good Friday; a holiday
APRIL 12 . . .	Easter Day
APRIL 13 . . .	Easter Monday; a holiday
MAY 7 . . .	Opening of preliminary term, Medical Department
MAY 21 . . .	Ascension Day; a holiday
JUNE 11 . . .	General examinations begin
JUNE 19 . . .	Contest in Declamation for the Knight Medal
JUNE 20 . . .	Board of Trustees meet and Commencement Exercises begin
JUNE 21 . . .	Commencement Sermon, 11 A.M. Annual Sermon before the St. Luke's Brotherhood, 8 P.M.
JUNE 22 . . .	The Commencement Exercises of the Sewanee Grammar School, 10 A.M.
JUNE 22 . . .	Contest in Oratory between the Pi Omega and Sigma Epsilon Literary Societies, 8 P.M.
JUNE 23 . . .	Address before the Literary Societies
JUNE 24 . . .	Public Literary Exercises of the Associate Alumni
JUNE 25 . . .	Lent Term ends. COMMENCEMENT DAY. Trinity Term begins in all Departments of the University
JUNE 26-28 . . .	Three days' recess
JUNE 29 TO JULY 1 .	Entrance Examinations and Classification of Students
JULY 2 . . .	All Departments open
JULY 4 . . .	National Holiday
AUGUST 6 . . .	Transfiguration; a holiday
SEPTEMBER 18 . .	Foundation Day; a holiday
SEPTEMBER 22-23 .	Entrance Examinations
SEPTEMBER 23 . .	Trinity Term ends
SEPTEMBER 24 . .	Advent Term begins
OCTOBER 18 . . .	St. Luke's Day; a holiday
NOVEMBER 1 . . .	All Saints' Day; a holiday
NOVEMBER 26 . .	Thanksgiving Day; a national holiday
DECEMBER 17 . .	Advent Term ends

The Scholastic year begins with the Trinity Term.

A special programme is issued of the Commencement Ceremonies and Exercises, June 18-25.





The Sewanee Song

I Sing along together, boys, we'll sing it loud and clear,
Sing it with a hearty will and voices full of cheer,
Sing it as we used to sing it, in our Junior year,
When we were boys at Sewanee. **II** Yes, & there were aidsens, too,
who heard our footsteps beat, while the moonlight shone along
the still deserted street; we woke for them the echoes
with our serenading sweet, while we were boys at Sewanee.

Chorus - Hurrah! Hurrah! Sing out the chorus free.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Sewanee boys are free.
Away with melancholy & let care & trouble flee,
While we are boys at Sewanee.

III Hand in hand together, boys, when we take our final march
we've wandered thro' the night around the mountain old,
step and voice in unison though our voices tremble,
and every heart, was light, yet our spirits will be bold.
Always fit and ready, boys, in this stirring story shall
for anything in sight, our faith and love be fold,
while we were boys at Sewanee. **IV** There's no place on earth like Sewanee.



CAPT. M'NEAL

Albert T. McNeal

ALBERT T. McNEAL was born in Coffeeville, Mississippi, December 9, 1842. At the death of his father, two years afterwards, his mother returned with him to the old home at Bolivar, Tennessee, where he has resided ever since, until his election as the Dean of the Law Department of the University two years ago.

Captain McNeal was a member of the Senior Class at the University of Mississippi when the Civil War began, and the boys were graduated by special action of the Faculty, in order that they might enter the Confederate Army. He volunteered as a private, was promoted to a Captaincy before he was twenty-one, served with distinction to the very end, and finally surrendered with the remnant of his regiment under General Johnston, in April, 1865. He then returned to Bolivar, and soon afterwards began the practice of law. On April 24, 1867, he married Miss Kate Fentress, one of the most popular and charming ladies of West Tennessee.

Captain McNeal not only won his way to the very forefront in his profession, but for many years he wielded an exceptional influence in State politics; and, while he consistently declined election to any office, he has been a notable figure in public affairs.

To the Church he has ever been a loyal and faithful son. As Chancellor of the Diocese for now more than thirty years and many times elected deputy to the General Convention, his learning in theology and Canon Law, his wise counsel, and his unselfish devotion, have earned for him an unique place in the honor and affection of both clergy and laity.

The University of the South has never had a more steadfast, a more unselfish, a wiser friend, than Albert T. McNeal.

For twenty-five years he was a member of the Board of Trustees, and, during most of that time, probably no month passed that his advice was not asked and his whole-hearted service given, for the good of the institution. In great crises which threatened the very existence of Sewanee, his was the mind that knew every detail of administration, his the enthusiasm that never admitted the suggestion of defeat. Through days of foreboding and apprehension; in seasons of doubt and discouragement, when internal discord and grinding poverty warped the judgment and chilled the hearts of weaker men, his invincible confidence encouraged his co-workers, and his unfailing patience, tact and sympathy smoothed the way to progress.

A man of remarkable intellectual perspicacity and of widest sympathies; deliberate, but firm; cautious in adopting policies, but unyielding when conviction has been reached; scrupulously careful in analyzing every detail of fact and circumstance, and therefore sure of his opinions; above all, a lover of the Church and of the highest ideals of education; he has been a tower of strength in all emergencies; and to him, in glad honor and reverence, the students dedicate this number of "The Cap and Gown."



LOOKING SOUTH FROM HOFFMAN HALL





That life alone is True which lives by Faith,
So has **Sewanee** since her Inception lived. Each epoch of
her existence marks a Victory of Faith.

Upon us Devolves the Duty of recording one of the
most beautiful chapters of a Beautiful Life - a life leading
steadily and ever Upward toward the final consummation of those
High Ideals of her Great Builders who wrought in the Faith of God.

To those who love **Sewanee**, who watch eagerly - anxiously -
her course from year to year; we, representing the Fraternities offer
this Eighth Volume of the **Cap & Gown** trusting that it may render a
not Unworthy Account of the **Sewanee** of the present Generation.

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Acting Professor of Ethics and Evidences of Christianity
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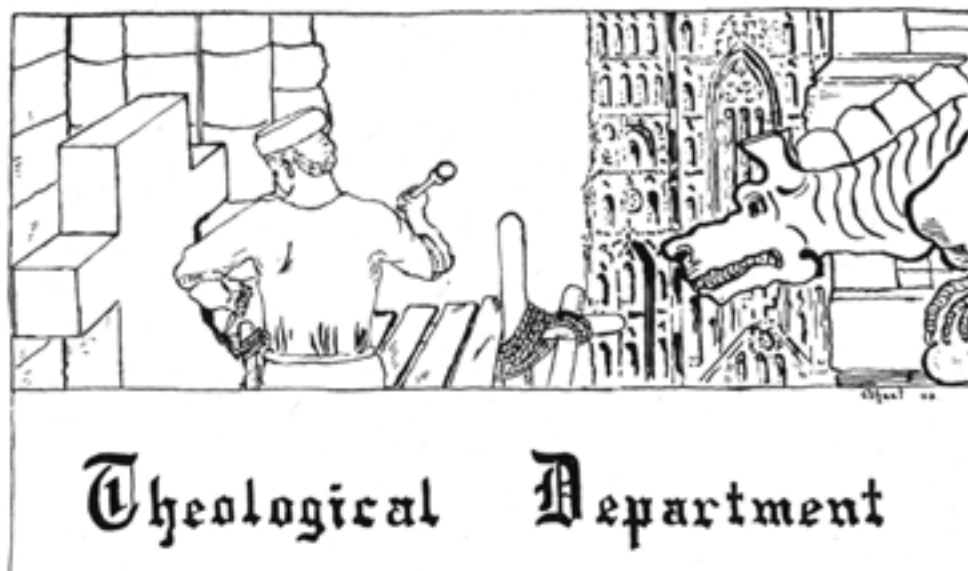


SAINT LUKE'S
LOOKING TOWARD HOFFMAN HALL IN THE DISTANCE

Theological



Department



THE history of Sewanee and of St. Luke's are one and the same. The first to inhabit a special domicile of his own and to separate himself from the vulgar herd, the theologue, since the inception of Sewanee, has led in all things that pertain to the versatile life of the old mountain top. Fervent in prayer, fiery in debate, a mighty warrior on the gridiron, and a machiavellian Ananias of unquestioned ability in quiet tête-a-têtes 'neath the shady foliage of oak-crowned Beckwith's Point, he has made good his claim to leadership in matters temporal, spiritual, mental, and social.

Whatever plan be forward, whether it be to encarnadine the new blanchéd chapel fence, to rattle the throe-expectant nerves of a Vanderbilt pitcher, to lead a german or win the laurel crown from the contesting delegates of Southern Universities, St. Luke's is called upon to furnish the material, and she never fails. Other departments may wear their vari-colored tassels with a more rakish air, and pose before the admiring eyes of susceptible femininity, but in times of stress all turn toward the serious sporter of the purple plume as a Mussulman turns toward Mecca when the gold-illuming rays of the rising sun gild the desert rim.

Glorious has been her past, and her fame still rests secure, for the present wearers of the royal-tinged tassel and those half-fledged eaglets termed postulants, who also nest within the vine-covered walls, are not unworthy of the kingly brood. Among them are Osborne, our victory-winning half-back; Bird, the promoter of harmony and leader of yells; Pugh, the walking collection plate and wearer of the perpetual smile; Mazyck, of the empty maw; and that plaster imitation of the great Corsican, Tupper. There is the sole surviving partner of "de firm," who also wields the weighty bow of the booming bass with might and majesty, the purveyor of Caps and Gowns, and the two Wearers of the poetic laurel. And from Ticknor of the poetic feet to Cadman of the snowy locks, from Brown of the silent tongue to Hastings of the never-ceasing flow, from Doctor DuBose to "Nigger," there is not one whose heart is not filled with that compound

quintessence of love for Sewanee, courtesy, camaraderie, broad-minded optimism, undying determination to carry the purple pennon to victory in every contest and lightsome yielding to the tender passion, called the "Sewanee Spirit."

Nor is it only those whose entrance into the sacred precincts dates back to prehistoric periods that feel and show the force of this influence, but even those yet nebulous bodies, whose advent is so recent that their trunks are yet unpacked, feel within their formless void the mighty working of the cosmical power, and are so uplifted thereby that the whole restraining influence of the Hall, aided by various and sundry mechanical devices, is scarcely able to hold them in concentric orbits.

Time, however, works wonders, and when the benighted postulant has passed a year or two in the atmosphere of saintly seriousness, and well-expended midnight oil that constantly envelops the Hall; when he has learned how to bluff the missionary collector, wear his tie straight, and discuss the football prospects, and when he has passed safely through his third engagement, he is ready to enter the ranks of the students of Pearson, and can comport himself with the dignity and assurance of that exalted eminence.

But there is one without whose name no description of St. Luke's Hall would be complete, one who embodies within a small circumference all that is best and noblest of the virtues of Sewanee. A Southern gentleman of the old school in the highest meaning of the term, a true Christian in every action and word, a living example of the self-sacrificing striving after the high ideals for which Sewanee's founders are famed, his influence has spread with ever-increasing force wherever the sons of Sewanee have gone. Generation after generation of theological students have founded their faith on his teachings, have sat at his feet as Israelites at the feet of Gamaliel, and gone forth to become mighty teachers of the Word. From one end of our Southern land to the other their voices unite in the cry, "God bless the Doctor!"

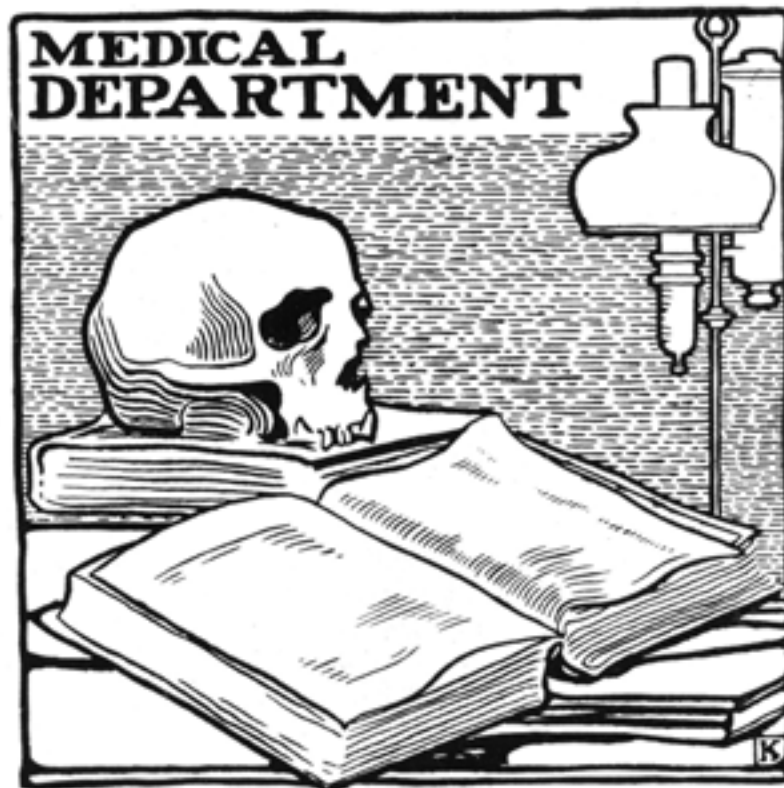


Theological Students, 1902-1903

BIRD, STEPHEN MOYLAN, B.A., Sewanee, Tenn.
 CADMAN, GODFREY WILLIAM RADCLYFFE, B.A., Narcoossee, Fla.
 CAMERON, DWIGHT FREDERIC, DeLand, Fla.
 CHEATHAM, THADDEUS AINSLEY, B.A., Henderson, N. C.
 COLMORE, CHARLES BLAYNEY, M.A., Sewanee, Tenn.
 COX, WILLIAM EDWARD, B.A., Seven Springs, N. C.
 DAVIS, JAMES WENDEL, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
 FINLAY, KIRKMAN GEORGE, Greenville, S. C.
 GODDARD, IRVINE, Sewanee, Tenn.
 GRAY, FRANCIS CAMPBELL, M.A., Orlando, Fla.
 HANFF, SAMUEL MERRILL, Raleigh, N. C.
 HARE, WALTER BENJAMIN HOBART, Sewanee, Tenn.
 HARPER, EMILE SHERWOOD, Waddington, Cal.
 HOGUE, RICHARD WALLACE, B.A., Sewanee, Tenn.

HOOVER, HOMER LEACH, Thomasville, N. C.
 KERSHAW, JOHN, JR., Charleston, S. C.
 LONBERG, CHARLES FREDERICK CHRISTIAN, B.A., Skylight, Ky.
 MARSHALL, RICHARD MAYNARD, JR., B.A., Charleston, S. C.
 MAZYCK, HENRY CHASTAGNIER, JR., Charleston, S. C.
 OSBORNE, FRANCIS MOORE, M.A., Charlotte, N. C.
 PEARCE, HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, Jackson, Miss.
 POOLE, WILLIAM HENRY, M.A., Glyndon, Md.
 PUGH, PRENTICE ANDREW, Clarksville, Tenn.
 SAKAKIBARA, WATARU, Chiba, Japan.
 SIMKINS, ORMOND, B.A., Austin, Texas.
 STRINGFELLOW, HORACE, B.A., Tuscaloosa, Ala.
 TUPPER, VERNON SOUTHAL, Atlanta, Ga.
 WERLEIN, GEORGE SHEPHARD HALSEY, JR., M.A., Fort Worth, Tex.







The Medical Department

SEWANEE is widely famed for the atmosphere of learning which pervades her cloistered halls, and in justice to the Medical Department it must be said that this intangible essence abounds in far greater quantities in the neighborhood of Thompson Hall, sometimes known as the Chateau de Cain, than it does in the vicinity of Hoffman or St. Luke's. For the average Med. is a busy man, who has no time to waste upon the light and frivolous pleasures of society, or the distracting sports of the diamond and gridiron. He lives a life apart from the irresponsible students of the Academic and Law Departments, and is the sworn enemy of the pious pastorettes of St. Luke's.

For it is said that in times long past, when Dean Cain was assimilating the omniscience which he now dispenses to his faithful disciples; and Dr. West was studying with remarkable attentiveness the formation of his *daktalos megas*, the Theologues decided that the treatment which certain unfortunate and inanimate members of the *homogenus* were receiving at the hands of the Meds. was inhuman and intolerable, and forthwith proceeded to give these maltreated cadavers Christian burial. This method of procedure naturally aroused the latent wrath of the embryo doctors and hostilities began. History does not record the manner in which these difficulties were settled, but the Theologues were evidently discouraged in their efforts to reform the Meds., and these disciples-to-be of Æsculapius now devote their energies to the dismembering of the human anatomy without fear of disturbance. But however peaceful the relations between Med. and Theologue may seem to be to the casual observer, the old spirit of enmity still lingers.

Now and then the Med. lays aside the implements of his craft-to-be and attends a meeting of that unique body, commonly known as the John S. Cain Medical and Surgical Society, a gathering which embodies the leading features of a bull fight and a Salvation Army revival. When this body deliberates all other affairs stand still. An impressive silence reigns upon the Mountain top—even he of the Roman nose, the maltreater of innocent Steinways, the fearless Jervey, is awed, and the thunder of his mighty technique is heard not—while some budding Pasteur dissertates upon the latest methods of splicing the antero-lateral ligamentum denticulatum.

The Med. as a rule is a very clannish individual, but occasionally some more audacious member of this society of the great unwashed disregards the precedents set by past generations, and, having adopted a collar and necktie as a part of his daily costume, comes to reside in or near that temple of innocuous desuetude, Hoffman Hall, and even ventures to tread the light fantastic on the floor of Forensic, or perchance lays aside his *Materia Medica*, and deigns to lend his presence to the athletic festivities of Hardee Park. Rumor even has it that in the spring of '89 a Med., presumably suffering from an attack of brain fever, joined Pi Omega, but this is hardly possible, and to say the least, enters far into the confines of the improbable.

But despite all his idiosyncracies and eccentricities the Med. fills his place in the life of Sewanee and fills it in a manner unique and all-sufficient. He forms the staid, sedate background for the frivolities of the Mountain, and lends stability and strength to this body of knowledge seekers. His presence is welcome, yea, necessary to the place, and it is only to be regretted that his manifold and important duties render him unable to take a more active part in the social and athletic life of Sewanee, the life, which even more than the studious life, prepares the college man for his fight for existence.

Medical Students, 1902-1903

ABERNETHY, EDDIE GREENLAND, Goodford, Miss.
 ADAMS, JOHN DOLPHUS, Hornbeak, Tenn.
 ALEXANDER, ALBERT PRENTISS, Marietta, Miss.
 ALEXANDER, LIN, Meridian, Texas.
 ALLBRIGHT, STIRLING ELL, Staples, Texas.
 AMES, CHARLES BULKLEY, Waukeenhah, Fla.
 ANTONY, SAMUEL OVERTON, Toro, La.
 BANNERMAN, WALTER BRUCE, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 BARDWELL, DAVID G., Quanah, Texas.
 BEASLEY, JOHN JOHNSON, Pleasant Shade, Tenn.
 BENSON, FRANK LUCIAN, Magee, Miss.
 BLACK, JAMES BERTON, Blowhorn, Ala.
 BLACKWOOD, EDDIE HYMES, Kirk, Texas.
 BLOOM, ARTHUR, New York, N. Y.
 BLUME, CLAUD, Blume, La.
 BLUME, JOHN NEAL, Blume, La.
 BOOTH, JAMES FLEET, Triumph, La.
 BOYD, JAMES EDWIN, Aquilla, Texas.
 BRADFORD, CLARENCE THEODORE, Birthright, Texas.
 BRANYAN, ARTHUR CURTIS, Kingville, Ala.
 BRELAND, ERNEST ERASTUS, State Line, Miss.
 BRYANT, MARQUIS LAFAYETTE, Somerset, Ky.
 BULL, CHARLES PINCKNEY, JR., Plainfield, N. J.
 BULLOCK, HEZZIE DONICE, Covington, La.
 BULLOCK, OTIS WILLIAM, Simsboro, La.
 BUTLER, WILLIAM RAYMOND, Concord, Fla.
 CALLAWAY, ROBERT EDGAR, Bonanza, Texas.
 CARR, OLIVER FRANKLIN, Pontotoc, Miss.
 CARTER, ODIS MARTIN, Slickford, Ky.
 CARTWRIGHT, FRANK WILLIAM, Ganadogue, Ontario, Canada.
 CHANCEY, MARION GIRTY, Offerman, Ga.
 CHEATHAM, THOMAS HORACE, Nash, Texas.
 CHITWOOD, WILLIAM OSCAR, Oxford, Ala.
 CLINE, DAVID CROWN, Wardensville, W. Va.
 COLMORE, RUPERT MCPHERSON, Sewanee, Tenn.
 COMEAUX, RODOLPH KOSSUTH, Pilette, La.
 COOPER, JAMES ANDREW, Waldo, Ark.
 COPELAND, MILES AXE, Birmingham, Ala.
 CRUTE, CHARLES BLEDSOE, Farmville, Va.
 CUNNINGHAM, JAMES MARVIN, Raype, La.
 DARDIS, WALTER TRAYNOR, Decherd, Tenn.
 DAVIS, ROBERT ALFRED, New Orleans, La.
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 ELGIN, CLARENCE EUGENE, Belton, S. C.
 ELMORE, WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jacksonville, Fla.
 EZELL, WALTER LEONARD, Cherookee, S. C.
 FARNSWORTH, FLOYD FORNEY, Buckhannon, W. Va.
 FORTINBERRY, ANDREW, Smithburg, Miss.
 FOX, JOSEPH ANDREW, Angerona, W. Va.
 FRENCH, CHAPMAN JOHNSTON, Narrows, Va.
 FRIEDMAN, BENJAMIN, Memphis, Tenn.
 GIRDNER, WILLIAM HAYWOOD, Mina, Texas.
 GRAVES, GEORGE BERRY, Hurt, Va.
 GRAYSON, CARY TRAVERS, Culpepper, Va.
 GREAVES, WILLIAM FRANCIS, Nut Bush, Tenn.
 GULLEY, CHARLES HENRY, Scott, La.
 HACKNEY, URBAN PHILO, Burlison, Texas.
 HAMMAN, WILLIAM HARRISON, Houston, Texas.
 HANEY, DANIEL ALEXANDER, Waleska, Ga.
 HARDIN, JAMES ALLEN, Sparta, N. C.
 HAWKINS, EUGENE WALLACE, Ballground, Ga.
 HENDERSON, JAMES EDWARD, Homer, La.
 HENDERSON, THOMAS KELLY, Dixon, Miss.
 HENDRICK, JOHN ALEXANDER, Hadley, La.

HENDRICK, MASTIN DUKE, Keithville, La.
 HENNIES, JOHN HENRY, JR., Augusta, Ga.
 HERMANN, HENRY ALBERT, Sandersville, Ga.
 HICKS, JOSEPH HARKESS, Prestonburg, Ky.
 HILDEBRAND, FRANK, Orangeburg, S. C.
 HIPSH, JACOB FRANKLIN, Fayetteville, Tenn.
 HIX, LAFAYETTE C., Gibbs Cross Roads, Tenn.
 HOFF, FORD, Buckhannon, W. Va.
 HOFFMAN, LOGAN HERBERT, Troy, Ind.
 HOGE, JOHN EDWARD, Sewanee, Tenn.
 HOWARD, CHARLIE CLEVELAND, Huntingdon, Tenn.
 HUFFMAN, SETH WADE, Lankford, Tenn.
 JACKSON, JAMES NEAL, Mount Hope, Ark.
 JAMESON, WILLIAM LAFAYETTE, Alpharetta Ga.
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 KOGER, ELIJAH MCCLAIN, Savage, Ky.
 KYGER, ARTHUR FRANK, Jackson, Miss.
 LANKIN, WILLIAM ENOCH, Gloster, Miss.
 LAND, GEORGE WILLIAM, Laurin, Miss.
 LAND, JOSEPH NORTON, Fair Play, S. C.
 LATANÉ, THOMAS BERNARD, Stevensville, Va.
 LEMOINE, HAMPTON THEOPHILE, Cottonport, La.
 LIPSCOMB, WILLIAM EMORY, Cool Mountain, Ga.
 LOTT, JOHN JAMES, Broxton, Ga.
 LOWE, WILLIAM THOMAS, Luella, Ark.
 MACKAY, ARNOLD JENKS, East Orange, N. J.
 MALONE, FERDINAND MADDIN, Capleville, Tenn.

MANN, DAVID ADEN, Mobile, Texas.
 MAXWELL, EDWARD LUCIUS, Concord, Fla.
 MCANALLY, THOMAS BENTON, Crumby, Texas.
 MCCONNELL, JOHN ALEXANDER, Poolville, Texas.
 MCCOWN, CHARLES BUFORD, Shannon, Miss.
 MCCRACKIN, HORACE CLIFTON, Vandiver, Ga.
 MCNEELY, THEODORE HUNTER, Colfax, La.
 MCNEW, JOSEPH FRANKLIN, Well Spring, Tenn.
 MCPHAUL, WILBUR ASHLEY, Ashpole, N. C.
 MEANS, FRANK THORNTON, Boligee, Ala.
 MINTER, JAMES MORGAN, Macon, Ga.
 MITCHELL, ROBERT LEE, Vinita, Indian Territory.
 MIXON, AARON MALACHI, Bardum, Texas.
 MONTGOMERY, ROBERT LEE, Cripple Deer, Miss.
 MORRIS, ARTHUR JAMES, Decherd, Tenn.
 MORRISON, FRANK JORDAN, Smithfield, Va.
 MORSE, FRANK WILMONT, Sudbury, Mass.
 NEAL, GEORGE EDGAR, Van Buren, Ark.
 NOTTINGHAM, PEYTON PAGE, Bay View, Va.
 OGLE, ASHLEY WINIFRED, Stinnett, Tenn.
 OZBURN, JOSEPH NEVIN, Mt. Jackson, Va.
 PERKINS, EDWARD WILLIAMSON, JR., Reams, Va.
 PIERCE, WILLIE MERIDAY, Carrollton, Ga.
 PITTS, WALTER INGOLD, Catawba, N. C.
 POPE, ANDREW JACKSON, Aberdeen, Miss.
 PORET, EDWARD ALFRED, Mansura, La.
 POW, JOHN ROBERT, Wylam, Ala.
 POWERS, HENRY HOWARD, New York, N. Y.
 PRIEST, JAMES ROBERT, Troy, Miss.
 QUILLIAN, WILLIAM HOUSTON, Athens, Ga.
 RAGSDALE, MILTON CLAY, McCalla, Ala.
 REAVES, WILLIAM PERRY, Greeneville, Tenn.
 RUSMISSELL, JAMES ADAM, Frenchtown, W. Va.
 RUSSELL, MARTIN VAN, Talona, Ga.
 SALLEY, GEORGE WILLIAM, Hayneville, Ala.
 SAUNDERS, JAMES LLOYD, Paris, Texas.
 SAXON, ROBERT LEE, Griffin, Ark.
 SCHMIDT, PETER CHARLES, New Orleans, La.

SCHUYLER, GEORGE DE GRASSE, Canaveral, Fla.
 SEAGLE, RICHARD LEANDER, New York, N. Y.
 SEIKEL, GEORGE RUPPERT, Newark, N. J.
 SELDEN, JOSE MARTIN, Augusta, Ga.
 SELF, JOHN ISAAC, Florine, La.
 SENTELL, HOUSTON, Cash, Ala.
 SHARBER, ALPHEUS LESLIE, Columbia, Tenn.
 SHARIT, JAMES MACK, Apalachicola, Fla.
 SHELTON, SAMUEL PERCY, Vicksburg, Miss.
 SHEPHERD, FRANK DENNIS, B. A., McKinney, Texas.
 SHEPPARD, JULIUS KELLY, Junction, Ark.
 SHERARD, STUART BASKIN, Iva, S. C.
 SHIVE, GEORGE ELLIS, Edhube, Texas.
 SHIPP, ROBERT ANDREW, Albertville, Ala.
 SHIPP, WALTER, Albertville, Ala.
 SIMMONS, ALMAY DOZIER, Brooklyn, Miss.
 SLUSHER, WILLIAM CLAREY, Floyd, Va.
 SMOOT, THOMAS MIDDLETON, Morrison, Tenn.
 SOUTHER, WILLIAM LESTER, Alvaton, Ky.
 SPANGLER, ARTHUR STEPHENSON, Skelton, Tenn.
 SPARKS, JOSEPH EVERETT, Fordyce, Ark.
 SPECK, HORACE TILDEN, Bashing, Tenn.
 STATEN, ADOLPHUS BURLESON, Flint, Ala.
 STEPHENS, JERRY MADISON, Egypt, Ark.
 STROUD, WILLIAM FLETCHER, Magee, Miss.
 STUCKEY, EMANUEL OSCAR, Queen City, Texas.

SUMRALL, JESSE LOTT, Colmes Mill, Texas.
 SUTHERLAND, WADE HAMPTON, Southland, Miss.
 SYKES, WALTER MORRIS, Norfolk, Va.
 THOMAS, HORACE EZELL, Columbia, Tenn.
 THOMAS, OTHO, Bardwell, Texas.
 TOLSON, JOHN, Lafayette, La.
 TROSCLAIR, GASTON EMILE, Thibodaux, La.
 VICK, VIVIAN, Houston, Texas.
 WALKER, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Paragould, Ark.
 WALLACE, GEORGE, Natchitoches, La.
 WALLACE, JAMES EDWARD, Natchitoches, La.
 WARREN, JAMES WALTER, Boyce, La.
 WEST, TARPLEY WILLIAM, Atlanta, Ga.
 WETHERBEE, CHARLES AUGUSTUS, Waynesboro, Miss.
 WHITE, WILLIAM CHARLES, Live Oak, Fla.
 WILLIAMS, WILBURN COOK, Wade, Texas.
 WILSON, JOHN FLANIKEN, Idaville, Tenn.
 WILSON, WILLIAM FAIR, Blairsville, Pa.
 WRIGHT, JAMES LESTER, Winsboro, Texas.
 WOOD, ISAAC DAVID, M. D., Talladega Springs, Ala.
 WOZENCRAFT, ROBERT OWEN, Holly Springs, Ark.
 YANCEY, WILLIE DAVID, Clarksville, Va.
 YOUNG, ELISHA ASHE, Greensboro, Ala.
 YOUNGBLOOD, DANIEL JOEL RAYMOND, Avalon, Texas.
 ZEHNER, SAMUEL TILDEN, North Penn, Pa.





THE raw recruit to the ranks of the disciples of Blackstone is, ordinarily, fresh from the Academic Department, where he may or may not have been a Gownsmen. When the whilom Junior bursts the bonds of his thralldom the scene enacted is most spectacular. When the Gownsmen turns Law Student the transition is not so startling. In either case, however, he is accorded certain privileges and immunities, which, in his former state, he was not wont to enjoy. Should he form one of the vast number who know not discretion, he feels it incumbent upon him to revel in his newly-found liberty. He soars so far above his sordid, ponderous, leather-bound books, that he easily deceives himself into believing that they can, with impunity, be ignored. His *pince nez* suddenly acquires so roseate a hue that he can scarce credit his vision. He sees new beauties in every leaf and flower; his joy is unconfined; and life becomes one glad round of pleasure. All is, indeed, delightful for our embryo jurist until he is very forcibly reminded that things are not always what they seem by the rudely intervening hand of the Dean—the Dean, who can with logic absolute, concocted stories of excuse confute.

The typical Law Student is a versatile genius, though his versatility is hampered, to a considerable extent, by an amazing self consciousness, which never entirely deserts him. He can play brilliantly on the football team, lead Germans similarly, make love with some success, and learnedly discuss abstruse points of law—all with equal ease. His ambition, though, is not to be known as a student, and, of a very natural consequence, the aforesaid legal discussions are sedulously restricted as to time and place. His nature is too thoroughly that of the accomplished poseur

to permit any action not well calculated to produce the right impression on the mind of the susceptible Junior, and experience has taught him that the Hoffmanite venerates neither study nor studiousness.

Much of his apparently unlimited leisure is spent at Dr. Richardson's, where he partakes of the seductive coca-cola—not wisely, but too well—and discusses, with languid interest, the topics of the day. For the affairs of the great world, outside his mountain haven, he cares not at all. The betrayal of more than passing interest, even in matters which concern him deeply, he regards as an evidence of adolescent immaturity—to be avoided as one would a pestilence. Athletic affairs, of course, always have precedence for discussion here, as well as everywhere else, in Sewanee. The mere mention of anything pertaining to athletics makes the whole Sewanee world kin; and prevails, as nothing else can, against the profound indifference and self-consciousness of the lawyer. So attractive and engrossing is the subject that he forgets for the moment to be blasé. When feminine attractions are mentioned he affects the cynical, apathetic air of superiority. On occasion he can become exceedingly loquacious and discourse volubly, apropos of anything or nothing. He uses the most exaggerated, flamboyant diction; weaving high-sounding fabrics of grandiloquent words for the advancement of utterly ridiculous theories. Lest this latter conduct be thought extremely silly and futile, it may be well to explain that he is not devoid of guile, and that there is method in his madness. He accomplishes the double end, of amusing his hearers, and of displaying his consummate skill in the use of grotesque language.

The Sewanee law student has been greatly maligned—"alas, for the rarity of Christian charity." Could his traducers see him in his study, where the midnight oil receives no mercy, their opinion of him would undoubtedly be more flattering. Really, he is a strenuous student, and accomplishes much; but he deems secrecy of great importance, and exerts the utmost cunning in concealing his operations.

The Law School is the youngest and, numerically, the smallest of the departments of the University. It has, however, numbered among its members many who have been prominent in every phase of Sewanee life. In literary work, in athletics, in the fraternities, and in society, the law student has made himself an important element. The department is making great strides, and it cannot be doubted that, when it has added a few to its years, it will be able to boast among its sons leaders at the bar of every State in the Southland.

Law Students, 1902-1903

ADAMS, LEROY MONEY, Ackerman, Miss.

ALEXANDER, GRANT GREEN, Greenville, Miss.

BEALE, PHELAN, Montgomery, Ala.

BIGGS, WILLIAM PERCY, Memphis, Tenn.

BOYD, JOHN PERCY, French Camp, Miss.

COLHOUN, HORACE CHRISTOPHER, Keeling, Tenn.

COPE, HARRIS GOODWIN, Savannah, Ga.

CROFT, GEORGE WILLIAM, Aiken, S. C.

DICKENSON, EDWIN RUSSELL, Tampa, Fla.

EDWARDS, WILBUR THOMAS, Talladega, Ala.

GILLETT, DAVID COLLINS, Tampa, Fla.

GILLIAM, JOHN BUNYAN, Monteagle, Tenn.

KIBLER, ROBERT YOUNG, Pomaria, S. C.

LINDSAY, GEORGE WILBUR, Orient, Ohio.

MORGAN, ROBERT LEE, San Antonio, Texas.

PERKINS, PERCY AUGUSTUS, Memphis, Tenn.

PITTMAN, ANDREW CAMPBELL, Atlanta, Ga.

SMITH, JAMES ARTHUR, Wickliffe, Ky.



The Academic Department

THE ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT, as a body, is composed of many unique and remarkable specimens of humanity. It represents the best of all that is athletic, intellectual and moral, and, in short, forms the crux of the vast and intricate mechanism of the entire University. Its position is secure, its leadership undisputed, and it is undoubtedly the "*summum bonum*" of college activities.

The other Departments, though superficially scornful and quizzical as to the manifold virtues of the Academ., in paying him that sincerest of all flattery, imitation, clearly betray their true feelings. The Theologues, popularly considered as enlisted in a fierce and unrelenting warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil—alas! too often found to be typical devils in the thorough enjoyment of the world and the flesh—regard the Academic students as a vast, untamed horde of Epicurean philosophers, offering a magnificent field for missionary ventures. To the "Meds.," those strange, uncouth monstrosities, perfectly illustrating the failure of quantity minus quality, the Academic Department represents more an expensive luxury than an actual necessity. And the Law students—but then, no one ever regards them seriously. The Faculty considers the Academs. as invested with almost professorial grandeur, and has even gone so far as to create a torturing committee selected mainly for their benefit. The Hebdomadal Board, apparently a staid, learned body, but really a glittering ineffectuality, is the mirth-provoking result of all this misdirected energy.

Years ago, when plans for the organization of the University were in an embryonic state, some ardent individuals, desiring to lend the spice of variety to Sewanee's method of instruction, decided to become distinctly original by departing from the beaten paths of rival seats of learning and divided the collegiate ranks into two classes, Junior and Senior, or Gownsmen as the latter prefers to style himself. To a casual observer, no radical difference can be detected between these two celebrities, except in the matter of attire. But among the Academs. themselves what a wide distinction is drawn! Without the aid of the most powerful stimulants, the word Junior cannot be spoken of in the same breath with that of Gownsmen. The



Gownsmen, a highly supercilious gentleman, fitted in a loose flowing robe originally of an ebony hue, but generally fast approaching the verdant stage, represents that far-famed body of most potent, grave, and reverend Seigniors: the Junior, minus the insignia of rank, but happily, not one whit behind his superior in point of arrogance, constitutes the "Lower House."

Any attempt to describe or classify the various order of animals representing the Junior element is well-nigh impossible. Yet some items in his life 'twould be sacrilege to omit. A Junior is one who, on first arriving at the University, is forced to become an inmate of a gigantic asylum gratefully christened Hoffman Hall, but more appropriately styled "Colmore's Inferno." Here youths of tender years and much more tender feelings are first housed, and in their frantic efforts to adjust themselves gradually drift from bad to worse and from worse to Dr. Piggot.

But the Junior is subject to such numerous changes. He may come clad in all the habiliments of a son of the soil, and six months later be found disporting himself with the airs of a Chesterfield. Some there are who take more liberties with their personal appearance than any recognized code of dress would allow. And yet this self-same prodigy may be discovered later arrayed in one of "Marx-Arnheim's" best, persuading some indiscreet damsel to trust herself to the tender mercies of that most outrageous of all beverages, a supply-store "coke." Others on first reaching the "Mountain," bray forth their infantile opinions, with such cheerful disregard of grammar, as to challenge admiration. A term subsequent, they are captivating a brilliant and highly critical audience with their marvellous flow of faultless diction. Of course these do not constitute the entire tribe of Juniors. Some come perfectly schooled in all the niceties of refinement, already past-grand-masters in the art of "*affaires du cœur*," withal dressed in the latest fashion, and they remain in this innocuous state always. And yet, contrary to the modern accepted belief that it is only the toil-worn farmer lad who succeeds, this exemplar of culture often forges rapidly to the front.

All Juniors are supposed to occupy their first term by applying themselves assiduously to their studies. Some there are who do, countless ones who do not. The *average* Junior attends classes, athletic-practices, and Dr. Richardson's six days out of the week, but on the Holy Sabbath flouts the very idea of repose and clears the deck for action. *Every* Junior makes his round of Sunday night calls. This is the one eventful epoch in his social career. Immediately after evening chapel, he hies himself away to his inner sanctum, plasters down his perfectly parted hair, and decked in his swellest apparel, marches forth to satisfy, as he thinks, the desires, but in reality the curiosity of that most perplexing and disquieting of all microbes, the seductive Summer-girl. It is a wonderful scene. From best constituted

authority, no one ever heard of a Junior's contributing anything to the general conversation except a perfunctory "good-evening" and a joyous adieu. But as a listener his powers are marvellous. None can deny that he is in perfect agony while undergoing this self-inflicted ordeal, and his frantic efforts to reach the nearest gate when the second awkward-squad arrives are painfully pitiful. But despair never seizes him. This is too valuable a part of his education, and the following Sunday eve finds him heroically girding himself for a second meditative contest.

The airy, lordly Senior rises superior to all these little eccentricities of genius, and departs himself with an assurance overwhelming to any but a Gownsmen. This consequential individual is one who, by virtue of twenty-four classes thoroughly digested, and of more importance still, passed, assumes that royal raiment which, while Summer rages, subjects him to immeasurable discomfort, yet invests him with a pre-eminence and grandeur, otherwise indiscernible and impossible to be overestimated. In the glorious days of old, just after "Joe" Selden and Blacklock explored our Mountain fastnesses, any youth passing ten subjects and reaching the conscript age of 18 could don this magic robe and thereby become a full-fledged member of the titled aristocracy of Sewanee. But "*tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*"—alas! double the requirement has been imposed and more heart-rending still, years are of no consequence. Ergo the amazing decrease in the number of Seniors. The Gownsmen in full array, beams with complacency on all the under world and though outwardly patronizing looks down upon the struggling Junior with measureless contempt. In the words of the catalogue, it is the Gownsmen's province in life to exercise a moral, restraining influence over the Junior. By some strange freak of fate, however, this salutary moral effect is sadly lacking, but the restraining policy is barbarously employed to its fullest capacity.

Like all other Universities, the Academic Department has its students, athletes, social stars and leisure class. The "grind" tells the society man that remaining up until after midnight "piddling" around the dance floor is contrary to all tenets of health and reason, and then consistently controverts all his own arguments by digging away at "Math." and other kindred bores until a much later and more questionable hour. The athlete whose efforts to obtain the required "2" nearly cause locomotor ataxia, can emerge from the fiercest form of physical contest without the slightest trace of fatigue or evil results. The leisure class is not noted for anything in particular except its remarkable capacity for doing nothing, the intrepid zeal with which it tackles all those delightfully harmless drinks that have made Sewanee notorious, and the energy and imagination of its members when the dread period for reporting "skips" occur. Still this leisure class is an attractive set of men. Say what you will they have their place and influence in college life and when the honor or welfare of their Alma Mater is at stake, rouse all the latent capabilities of their soul, and show the stuff they're made of.

The Academic Department *is* complex, but after all, they represent in concrete form what is best and grandest in college life. It is from this Department that most of our orators and athletes go forth to struggle on rostrum and gridiron. It is this body that has developed those manly traits which have made the term Sewanee student synonymous with gentleman—a reputation now become world-wide. They enter upon every walk of University-life, and in none do they fail.

But greater, grander, and more enduring than all these is their prestige in another direction, for in this very Department was born and reared that self-same Sewanee spirit which has been the bulwark and mainstay of the entire University from its very incipency. The "profs." admire them, the Summer-girl loves them, and, much more important still, the supply-store credits them. They are a great set—these Academs. They love Sewanee and cling faithfully to all those traditions and precepts established ages ago by the pioneers of their own department—all actuated by that same indomitable, infectious Sewanee enthusiasm. Nothing can assail their belief in the perfection of all that the "Mountain" contains and represents. Other Departments may excel them in numbers, but in point of student activity, importance, and all the elevating principles of University-life they rise supreme, and shall maintain their proud position until the end of all time.

Gownsmen or Junior, that one invincible factor, "spirit," which has left its impress o'er the entire "towered city," unites them all in boundless love and zeal for the pivot of our universe, SEWANEE.



Academic Students, 1902-1903

Post-Graduates

COPE, HARRIS GOODWIN, LL.B., Savannah, Ga.
DAVIS, WILLIAM HENRY, M.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gownsmen

BARNEY, WILLIAM JOSHUA, Sewanee, Tenn.
BELL, WILLIAM FRANKLIN, Elizabethtown, Ky.
BENJAMIN, PERCY OZIER, Atherton, La.
BROWN, WYATT HUNTER, Eufaula, Ala.
CARRIER, ALBERT ALONZO, San Antonio, Texas.
COWART, ROBERT ERWIN, JR., Dallas, Texas.
CRAIGHILL, GEORGE BOWDOIN, Forestville, Md.
DABNEY, THOMAS EWING, Sewanee, Tenn.
EVANS, THOMAS, Florence, S. C.
GAITHER, JOSEPH GANT, Hopkinsville, Ky.
HOGUE, BRADLEY BROWN, Sewanee, Tenn.
HOUGHTLING, FRANCIS STOCKBRIDGE, Chicago, Ill.
HULL, ASBURY, Augusta, Ga.
JAMES, JOHN CRAIGMILES, Franklin, Tenn.
JONES, JAMES MONROE, Selma, Ala.
KNIGHT, RAYMOND DEMERE, JR., Jacksonville, Fla.
LEWIS, WILLIAM WATERS, Nashville, Tenn.
MASTERSON, HARRIS, JR., Houston, Texas.
NESBIT, VALENTINE JORDAN, Waverly Mills, S. C.
PARSONS, PEARL LAWRENCE, Edina, Mo.
PEGUES, HARRY TOULMIN, Selma, Ala.
PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Greenville, Miss.
PHILLIPS, HENRY DISBRO, Atlanta, Ga.
POYNOR, WILMER SMITH, Mt. Hebron, Ala.
RAND, FREDERIC HENRY, JR., Sanford, Fla.
RYLANCE, JOSEPH BOZEMAN, New York, N. Y.
SEAMAN, EUGENE CECIL, Houston, Texas.
SHAFFER, BAXTER RANDOLPH, Ellendale, La.
SMITH, HERBERT EDMUNDS, Sewanee, Tenn.
SNOWDEN, JOHN BAYARD, Memphis, Tenn.

Gownsmen—Continued

THOMPSON, JACOB, JR., State Levee, Miss.
TICKNOR, HENRY WILMER, Columbus, Ga.
TUCKER, ROYAL KENNETH, Mobile, Ala.
WHEAT, CLAYTON EARL, Dallas, Texas.
WHELESS, WESLEY EAKIN, Alden Bridge, La.
WINTHROP, GILMAN JOSEPH, Tallahassee, Fla.

Juniors

ABEEL, JOSEPH BARTLETT, Highland Park, Tenn.
ABRAMS, HAROLD, Dallas, Texas.
ANDERSON, OWEN VAN, San Antonio, Texas.
ATKINS, ATLAS JONES MARTIN, Selma, Ala.
ATKINS, EDWARD BRY, Selma, Ala.
ATKINSON, ROGER NELSON, San Marcos, Texas.
BIBB, JULIAN LEE, New Decatur, Ala.
BLOUNT, GUY ARTHUR, Nacogdoches, Texas.
BOREN, SAMUEL HAMPSON, Dallas, Texas.
BOSTROM, ROBERT ERNST, Atlanta, Ga.
BRONG, JOHN LUTHER, Cleveland, Tenn.
CARNES, ROBERT SCOTT, Tampa, Fla.
CONNELL, WILLIAM BISLAND, Shelby, Miss.
CORRETHEERS, HARRIS LESLIE YOUNG, Springfield, Ill.
DABNEY, MARYE YEAMANS, Birmingham, Ala.
DAMER, EYRE, JR., Mobile, Ala.
DAVIS, PERCY, Dallas, Texas.
DEROSSET, WILLIAM GREEN, Springfield, Ill.
DICKERSON, ROBERT CARL, Paris, Texas.
DUBOSE, BEVERLY MEANS, Sewanee, Tenn.
DUNCAN, GREER ASSHETON, Alexandria, La.
DURRANT, HARRY LESTER, Kingston, British West Indies.
ELLERBE, PAUL LEE, Birmingham, Ala.
FELDER, CALVIN WILLIAM, JR., Americus, Ga.
FINLAY, JAMES FERGUSON, Greenville, S. C.
GATES, GEORGE PHELPS, Jacksonville, Fla.

Juniors—Continued

GAYLE, COLUMBUS JACKSON, Sewanee, Tenn.
GILREATH, EMORY HOLTON, Cartersville, Ga.
GUNTHER, GEORGE JOHN, Memphis, Tenn.
HAMPTON, WILLIAM WADE, JR., Gainesville, Fla.
HANNUM, JOSEPH WILBUR, Cordova, Ala.
HARRISON, EDMOND JORDAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.
HARVEY, JOSEPH HARRIS, New Decatur, Ala.
HASTINGS, LLEWELLYN BURTON, Green Bay, Wis.
HEARD, FRANK MUIR, Augusta, Ga.
HILLYER, FRANK CLIFTON, Fernandina, Fla.
HOFF, ATLEE HEBER, New Decatur, Ala.
HOLMES, JAMES GARROTT, Yazoo City, Miss.
HUGER, PERCIVAL ELLIOTT, Savannah, Ga.
HULL, JAMES MERIWETHER, Augusta, Ga.
INGRAHAM, JAMES DRAPER, St. Augustine, Fla.
JONES, EDWIN DUBOSE, Greensboro, Ga.
JONES, PAUL, New York, N. Y.
KIRBY-SMITH, JOSEPH LEE, Sewanee, Tenn.
LUMMIS, FREDERICK RICE, Houston, Texas.
LYNCH, DAVID LAFAYETTE, Winchester, Tenn.
MANNING, WILLIAM SINKLER, JR., Sumter, S. C.
MCBEE, SILAS, JR., New York, N. Y.
MEEK, ALBERT NATHANIEL, Camden, Ark.
MELlichAMPE, EDWARD WINBORN, Jacksonville, Ala.
MEYER, SCHUYLER MERRITT, New York, N. Y.
MOORE, FRED LEVI, Bastrop, Texas.
MOORE, GUNNELL, Paris, Texas.
MUNGER, LILLO SHANNON, Birmingham, Ala.
MURRAY, ERNEST MACPHERSON, Jackson, Tenn.

Juniors—Continued

PEAK, GEORGE VICTOR, Dallas, Texas.
PUCKETTE, STEPHEN ELLIOTT, Sewanee, Tenn.
ROBERTSON, JOHN BEN, Austin, Texas.
ROSEBOROUGH, IRVING JEFFERIES, Union Springs, Ala.
SCOLLARD, THOMAS WALTER, JR., Dallas, Texas.
SHELBY, GEORGE BARN, JR., Shelby, Miss.
SHIELDS, ROBERT BENOIST, Jacksonville, Fla.
SHOUF, STEPHEN ELLIOTT, Sewanee, Tenn.
SMITH, ALEXANDER ALLEN, Shreveport, La.
SNEED, HENRY HARRISON, JR., Georgetown, Ky.
STEED, JAMES WALTER, Cleveland, Tenn.
STEWART, WILLIAM MEACHAM, Memphis, Tenn.
TAAFFE, HENRY C. FRANCIS, Chicago, Ill.
TAYLOR, SHELBY GLASS, San Antonio, Texas.
TREZEVANT, STANLEY HAMILTON, Memphis, Tenn.
TURNER, ALONZO GWARTNEY, Spokane, Wash.
WALKER, DAVID GIBSON, Helena, Ark.
WALKER, ROOSEVELT PRUYN, Macon, Ga.
WATKINS, GEORGE LEGRAND, Faunsdale, Ala.
WATKINS, MILES ABERNATHY, Faunsdale, Ala.
WHELESS, ROGER ENGLISH, Alden Bridge, La.
WHITED, SAMUEL JAMES BOWMAN, Alden Bridge, La.
WILLIAMS, FRANK NORTON, Augusta, Ga.
WILLIAMS, JAMES RUSSELL, Monck's Corner, S. C.
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM PHILLIPS, Little Rock, Ark.
WINTER, CHARLES VOGELER, Louisville, Ky.
WOOD, EDWARD AINSLIE, Dallas, Texas.
WORSHAM, MILTON RHORER, Henderson, Ky.
YOUNG, JAMES NICHOLAS, San Marcos, Texas.

An Evolution

I.

GOOD-BYE, change cars at Cowan, a short pull up the mountain, a glimpse of the village with Mr. Brooks standing in his doorway, a turn to the left past the Old Dormitory—and the Grammar School stood before him. He was guided to Mr. Seibels, with whom he talked for a few minutes; he was assigned a room, and Grammar School life began for him.

In a few seconds he was the center of an admiring audience, which seemed bent upon imparting unto him local information and consumed with a thirst for data concerning his antecedents, accomplishments, habits, the correct method of spelling his name, and other equally important and interesting matters. They investigated him with the simplicity and directness of savages: he had never been away from home before, and he did not like it. He attempted to be witty at the expense of his audience; they laughed uproariously and in a delighted fashion but he could see that they laughed at *him* and not at his jokes, and when the bugle for supper relieved the situation, his cheeks were very red, and he felt that he had made an ass of himself.

A big fellow accosted him unceremoniously: "Say, rat, what Company are you in?"

"None," he replied; "I have just come."

"Fall in down here. Right, face! forward, march!" The boy behind him turned him to the right by his shoulders, and he stepped forward with his company. After many turnings on the stairs and a short grace, he found himself eating supper at a long table in a large, well-lighted basement room. He had been given a seat at Mr. Seibels' table among the larger boys.

The boys were very attentive. They passed him most of the dishes on the table, all the salt cellars, and several glasses of water. He was rather hungry, but so much notice embarrassed him, and he ate but little. All eyes were bent upon him, for he was the only new boy in the room, most of the others having arrived some weeks earlier. They were all polite, but in a vague way talked rather *at* him than to or about him. They told him preposterous tales about each other in a matter-of-fact way that fooled him completely and several times the whole table roared with laughter at his innocence, at which even the teacher at the other end was forced to smile. He was the focus for all eyes, and most of the remarks made had a personal application to himself. It was distinctly uncomfortable.

But all things have an end, and supper the rest and went upstairs into the long hall. five commenced asking him if he could dance, a nickname, and several other things. He an they told him he was awfully fresh. He was be mysterious tone, to beware of the dark hours; that his toe would be pulled, and that many and as uncomfortable as possible. To these remarks advised him, if he wished to thrive, to keep occasion and he acted upon it. But he had glance that he was woefully fresh and needed

That night when he went to bed he was lay quite still, trying to think it all out. He made mistakes which to-morrow would see set be all right when he should know them better. opened softly, he was deluged with water, his the wet mas. And why? he asked himself was alone and probably homesick? He extri to the window, looked out on the strange yard wished himself at home again at any price.

He awoke with a start at *reveille* and for better things. He was marched to chapel The service impressed him with its calm beauty "The peace of God, which passeth all under was out again in the sunlight. But how incon indorse the prayers of the chapel and then re outside. The chapel seemed a farce, and Mr. league with the boys: for all that day they kept



proved no exception to the rule. He rose with But there was no comfort here, for about twenty-play baseball, where he hailed from, if he had swered these questions politely and quickly, and ginning to believe them. He was bidden, in a he was told that he would catch it that night; divers things would happen to render his stay he attempted to reply, until some one curtly his mouth shut. The advice seemed to fit the made a bad start, and every one saw at a experience.

not happy. He felt lonely and miserable. He decided that the fault lay in him; that he had right; that after all the boys would prove to Just as he reached this conclusion his door bed overturned and he himself buried under bitterly. Because he was new? Because he cated himself from the bed-clothes, and, going sleeping in the calm splendor of the moon, and

donned his clothes with cheerfulness, hoping and managed to keep step most of the way. and peace. He felt stronger and light-hearted. standing, keep your hearts and minds," and he gruious it seemed to him for all of them to turn to the same heartless persecution of him Guerri and Mr. Seibels hypocrites really in him trotting on some errand or other. He

early made the acquaintance of Rudolf and Grütter, and, among other things, was sent to the supply store for five cents worth of paregoric seed. He did not like it, but stayed on desperately and hoped for better things.

II.

It was Sunday morning six weeks later. Our hero slept soundly in his iron bed, regardless of the rays of the morning sun, which fell across his placid countenance. His breathing was deep and regular and he slept the sleep of the righteous. The walls of his little room were decorated with pictures and his table boasted a cloth, some books, and several photographs. He seemed comfortable and at home.

The discordant notes of *reveille* came jangling down the long hall and sent him out of bed at one jump. He whistled and dressed rapidly, running to the lavatory to get "Next" on a basin and borrowing soap from his neighbor, for his had long ago gone the way of the roses. Then he stopped to chat awhile, and as a consequence, fell in at *reveille* roll-call—which was held in the hall in those days—without the required garments, and was "stuck," "improperly dressed." It did not seem to worry him much, for he dextrously tripped up his front-rank man on his way to breakfast and received a reprimand from Aunt 'Ria for coming into the dining room improperly.

He marched to chapel arrayed in spotless uniform and snow-white gloves, and sat sedately through the service, which struck him as rather long. The familiar words did not come to him with such force as on that first morning. In fact, most of them fell like seed on barren ground, for his thoughts were elsewhere and he heeded them not. It is a sad fact that we are prone to forget these things in the time of our prosperity. But he was not all inattention. He listened to most of the sermon and felt better afterwards for having been at chapel.

Marching back to the Dormitory, he held himself very straight, for they passed many ladies and summer girls. "Right-by-twos," through the little chapel gate, in front of the supply store, by the Old Dormitory and by Miss Lilly's they marched, and toiled up the long gravel road. The weather was warm and in the privacy of his room he shed his uniform coat with much relief. His side of the Dormitory was shady and cool and he lay back easefully to enjoy the breeze. The world was literally "white with May." In every direction the dogwood was in bloom. The whole mountain was covered with wild honeysuckle and every breeze came faintly laden with its odor. The calm peace which is Sewanee's charm fell on his soul and he felt content.

Many boys dropped in to talk until dinner and after dinner he was notified to attend a rat meeting. But he had

learned how to take these things and was dismissed in short order. It was all in the day's work and he had ceased to mind. His afternoon and evening passed speedily away. He had many visits which Sunday must see paid, and joyfully accepted an invitation to supper.

As call-to-quarters blew he panted up the walk and reached his room barely in time. There he carried on a conversation across the hall until the first note of taps. He went to his window and listened to the clear notes of the bugle. A feeling of sadness crept over him, and long after the O. D. had stamped down the hall, knocking on the doors, jingling his sword and yelling "Lights out!" he leaned out of his window, thinking—thinking of the changes that had come to pass in him. How life had gradually opened up, and how happy he was in this place he had so despised. Sometimes he was homesick, but the omnipotent bugle soon put an end to it and sent him to class, the drill-ground, the dining room or the chapel. He liked almost all of the boys, who had seemed fiends incarnate to him at first. In his small way he was a philosopher, and he had learned his lesson.

There was no moon and the night was very dark, so with a sigh that was half of homesickness and half of contentment he went to bed.

And there we shall leave him, sleeping peacefully. He was rather serious for a Grammar School boy, but there are lots more like him. His name? His name is legion.



Grammar School Students, 1902-1903

ADAMS, MAYRANT, Jackson, Miss.	CAMPBELL, WILL., Sewanee, Tenn.
ALDRIDGE, ANDREW JACKSON, Arcola, Miss.	CAROTHERS, JAMES MUIR, Bardstown, Ky.
ALDRIDGE, FRANK PAXTON, Arcola, Miss.	CHAUDRON, PAUL DE VENDEL, JR., Mobile, Ala.
ALEXANDER, JULIAN HUISKAMP, Cincinnati, Ohio.	CHERRY, EDGAR GARDEN, Alto, Tenn.
ALLEN, RICHARD HENRY, JR., Memphis, Tenn.	CLARK, MICAIAH HERBERT, JR., Clarksville, Tenn.
AMBLER, RICHARD JACQUELIN, St. Louis, Mo.	COATE, MALCOLM BUCKLAND, Memphis, Tenn.
ANDERSON, WILLIS CRAWFORD BARNETT, Monroe, La.	COFFIN, FRANCIS JOSEPH HOWELLS, Chicago, Ill.
ANGAS, ROBERT MOORE, Jacksonville, Fla.	CONEY, HUGH BURFORD, Brunswick, Ga.
BAIRD, GEORGE EVANS, Baird, Miss.	CORSE, HERBERT MONTGOMERY, Jacksonville, Fla.
BARLOW, ARTHUR WALTER, Hope, Ark.	COX, THOMAS AUGUSTUS, JR., Cullowhee, N. C.
BATES, RICHARD MORTIMER, JR., Birmingham, Ala.	CRAIN, CLAUDE D., Galveston, Texas.
BATES, WILLIAM BOGGAN, Atlanta, Ga.	CRAWFORD, ANDREW, JR., Columbia, S. C.
BEATTIE, SAMUEL MARSHALL, Greenville, S. C.	CRAWFORD, WILLIAM HALL, Columbia, S. C.
BENNETT, HARLON WESLEY, Sewanee, Tenn.	CROFT, THEODORE GAILLARD, Aiken, S. C.
BLACK, FRANK, Sewanee, Tenn.	CROWNOVER, CHARLES WADHAMS, Sewanee, Tenn.
BLACK, SCOTT, Sewanee, Tenn.	CROWNOVER, ROBERT MATSON, Sewanee, Tenn.
BLEKER, JULIUS WILLIAM, Beaumont, Texas.	CROWNOVER, ROLAND, Sewanee, Tenn.
BOATWRIGHT, JAMES ERNEST, Modetta, S. C.	CROWNOVER, WILLIAM, Sewanee, Tenn.
BOCOCK, WILLIAM HOLLYDAY, Washington, D. C.	CULLOM, SHELBY MONTGOMERY, Birmingham, Ala.
BOND, EDWARD ANDERSON, Savannah, Ga.	CULLOM, SMITH, Birmingham, Ala.
BONHOLZER, FRED JOHN, Sewanee, Tenn.	DAMMANN, CARL SILER, Memphis, Tenn.
BOWDEN, UPTON BEALL, JR., Napoleonville, La.	DARDIS, JAMES CHESTER, Sewanee, Tenn.
BRANDON, HENRY WALL, Fort Adams, Miss.	DRICK, FRANK J., Crockett, Texas.
BRANDON, JOHN WILLIAM, Fort Adams, Miss.	DYALL, BENJAMIN UPTON, Moniac, Ga.
BROOKS, LOUIS PORCHER, Sewanee, Tenn.	DYALL, BERTON GUINETTE, Moniac, Ga.
BROWN, GEORGE ROLAND, Canton, Ga.	EISELE, CHARLES LOGAN, Texarkana, Texas.
BROWN, JAMES RICE, Canton, Ga.	ELSTNER, HERMAN KRETZ, Lake Charles, La.
BRYSON, TANDY ARNOLD, Jensen, Fla.	EWING, EPHRAIM MACDONALD, Kirkwood, Mo.
BURBANK, SAMUEL MCKEE, JR., Nashville, Tenn.	EWING, FAYETTE CLAY, JR., Kirkwood, Mo.
BURNS, HOWARD DEMOSS, Monteagle, Tenn.	FOOTE, HUGER WILLIAM, Caldmere, Miss.

GARDELLE, LOUIS HENRY, Augusta, Ga.
 GARNER, GEORGE, Cowan, Tenn.
 GASS, HENRY MARKLEY, Sewanee, Tenn.
 GASS, JOHN, Sewanee, Tenn.
 GILLESPIE, SAMUEL DOUGLAS, Vidalia, La.
 GILRUTH, THOMAS KIRKLAND, Yazoo City, Miss.
 GLOVER, JAMES NORTH, Grahamville, S. C.
 GREER, JOHN BROOCKS, Beaumont, Texas.
 GREER, LEWIS VANCE, Beaumont, Texas.
 GUERRY, ALEXANDER, Sewanee, Tenn.
 GUION, WALTER BURLING, New Orleans, La.
 GUMM, FRANK AVENT, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
 HARANG, EDMOND, Larose, La.
 HARANG, WARREN JOSEPH, Larose, La.
 HARWOOD, WARREN PEARSON, Port Gibson, Miss.
 HAWKINS, THOMAS MARSHALL, Cowan, Tenn.
 HERRINGTON, LINDLEY CLAYTON, Houston, Texas.
 HILL, JAMES FITTS, Knoxville, Tenn.
 HIPPI, MARTIN DEMERITT, Houston, Texas.
 HOWEL, THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, Little Rock, Ark.
 HOWARD, MARION, New Orleans, La.
 HUDGINS, CHARLES BUCKNER, JR., Rome, Ga.
 HULL, FRANCIS LYON, Augusta, Ga.
 HUICHINSON, THOMAS GOVIE, Jacksonville, Fla.
 JEMISON, SORSBY, Birmingham, Ala.
 JONES, CECIL AVERY, Rolla, Mo.
 JORDAN, CHANDLER SPENCER, Madison, Fla.
 JOY, FRANK ROLLINS, Pauls Valley, I. T.
 JUDD, CARL POWELL, Sewanee, Tenn.
 KELLER, BOB TAYLOR, Winchester, Tenn.
 KENNEDY, RANKEN, Taylor, Texas.
 KIRBY-SMITH, EPHRAIM, Sewanee, Tenn.

KIRK, JOHN SHATTUCK, Gunnison, Miss.
 KNIGHT, TELFAIR, Jacksonville, Fla.
 LANG, EDWARD HENRY, Houston, Texas.
 LEBOVITZ, BENJAMIN DAVID, Sewanee, Tenn.
 LEE, ROBERT CHARLES, JR., Madison, Miss.
 LEE, WALTHALL BASS, Madison, Miss.
 LIGHTCAP, NATHANIEL PUGH, Yazoo City, Miss.
 LOCKWOOD, ARTHUR LEE, Helena, Ark.
 MARTIEN, WILLIAM JACOB, Monticello, La.
 MARTIN, THOMAS WILLIAM, Lake Charles, La.
 MCCrackin, ELLIS YOUNG, Memphis, Tenn.
 MCKENZIE, JULIAN ARMAND, Salisbury, N. C.
 McLANE, RAYMOND, Jacksonville, Fla.
 McMILLAN, ALEXANDER, JR., Knoxville, Tenn.
 MESSICK, JEFFERSON WHITE, Massey, Tenn.
 MITCHELL, RICHARD BLAND, Rolla, Mo.
 MONTGOMERY, FRED., Sewanee, Tenn.
 MONTGOMERY, VAIL, Lake Providence, La.
 MORROW, THOMAS HENRY, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 MURDOCH, FRANCIS JOHNSTONE, JR., Salisbury, N. C.
 MURDOCH, ROLLO GEORGE, Charleston, S. C.
 MURRAY, ARCHIE, Sewanee, Tenn.
 MURRAY, GERALD ALEXANDER GRAHAM, Sewanee, Tenn.
 NICHOLL, JACK VINCENT, Mandarin, Fla.
 NIGHTINGALE, DOUGLAS, Brunswick, Ga.
 NILES, JAMES SWANSON, Kosciusko, Miss.
 NILES, JASON ADAMS, Kosciusko, Miss.
 OWENS, DON GARRETT, Helena, Ark.
 OWENS, JAMES GRAY THOMAS, Atlanta, Ga.
 PALMER, PERRINE, Fernandina, Fla.
 PALMER, THOMAS WALLER, Fernandina, Fla.
 PARHAM, JOHN GREENWAY, L'Argent, La.

PENDEXTER, GEORGE, Sewanee, Tenn.
 PENICK, CLIFTON HEWITT, Phoenix, Arizona.
 PENICK, EDWARD ANDERSON, JR., Phoenix, Arizona.
 PERKINS, BOB, Decherd, Tenn.
 PERKINS, CLAUD, Decherd, Tenn.
 PFAPFLE, FRANK LEE, Sewanee, Tenn.
 POLK, ALBERT MCNEAL, Nashville, Tenn.
 PRATT, CORNELIUS FRANCIS, Cowan, Tenn.
 PUCKETTE, CHARLES McDONALD, Sewanee, Tenn.
 PUCKETTE, JOHN NOTT, Sewanee, Tenn.
 QUINTARD, GEORGE W., New York, N. Y.
 QUINTARD, EDWARD ALEXANDER, JR., Batopilas, Mexico.
 RACHFORD, HUGH KNOX, Jackson, Miss.
 REDWOOD, MELVILLE HUBERT, Augusta, Ga.
 REESE, JOHN ARNOLD, Natchez, Miss.
 RICE, ROBERT RITCHIE, JR., Varner, Ark.
 §ROBERTSON, JAMES HARVEY, JR., Austin, Texas.
 ROBINSON, JERRY ALEXANDER, Albin, Miss.
 ROOKS, CARL GREENLEASE, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 RUCKS, WILLIAM GWIN, Greenville, Miss.
 SCARBOROUGH, WILLIAM JOHN, Austin, Texas.
 SCOTT, JOHN WYETH, Bay St. Louis, Miss.
 SCOTT, WALTER LEROY, Greenville, Miss.
 SCRUGGS, JOHN BRIDGES, JR., Greenville, Miss.
 SEIP, JAMES FLINT, Alexandria, La.
 SEIP, JOHN MCCREERY, Alexandria, La.
 SEIP, MICAH FLINT, Alexandria, La.
 SEITER, ARTHUR LOUIS, Chattanooga, Tenn.
 SHAFFER, JOHN JACKSON, Ellendale, La.
 SHARPE, JOHN R., Starke, Fla.
 SHAW, OLIVER CLARK, Rolla, Mo.

SILLERS, WALTER, JR., Rosedale, Miss.
 SIMRALL, JOHN GRAHAM, Lexington, Ky.
 SLEDGE, NORFLEET RUFFIN, JR., Como, Miss.
 SMYTHE, JAMES STRAIN, Greenville, Miss.
 SPADES, CYRIL COX, Indianapolis, Ind.
 SPEARING, JAMES ORLOFF, Shreveport, La.
 STANLEY, ALBERT MCKINNEY, Arlington, Ky.
 STANLEY, CALVIN THOMAS, Arlington, Ky.
 SYMMES, LEON LEONARD, Grantville, Ga.
 TATE, SIMPSON, JR., Memphis, Tenn.
 THIESEN, RUDOLPH JOHN, Pensacola, Fla.
 THOMPSON, THOMAS CAMPBELL, State Levee, Miss.
 TIDBALL, LEONARD CLARK, Fort Worth, Texas.
 TILLSON, JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT, JR., Fort McIntosh, Texas.
 TUCKER, GEORGE DE SAUSSURE, Mobile, Ala.
 TURNER, EDWARD PENDLETON, JR., Houston, Texas.
 UNDERWOOD, CHARLES WALTON, Atlanta, Ga.
 VOORHEES, EDWIN, Webster Groves, Mo.
 WADSWORTH, ALBERT HODGES, Matagorda, Texas.
 WALKER, JAMES EARNEST, Sewanee, Tenn.
 WATKINS, JOHN FRANKLIN, Faunsdale, Ala.
 WAYNE, JAMES ROBERT, JR., Little Rock, Ark.
 WETTLIN, DAVID GOTTLIEB, Woodville, Miss.
 WHEELER, HARRISON NEWTON, Cave Spring, Ga.
 WIGGINS, CHARLES TODD QUINTARD, Sewanee, Tenn.
 WILKINSON, HORACE, JR., Junior, La.
 WORD, RUSSEL ELLIS, Cummins, Ark.
 YERGER, JACOB SHALL, Greenwood, Miss.
 YERGER, WILLIAM GREEN, Greenwood, Miss.
 YOUNG, HENRY GOURDIN, Charleston, S. C.

§ Deceased.

In Memoriam

Charles Francis Pochin Orchard
MAY 24, 1901

Richard Conklin Hall
JANUARY 10, 1902

Landon Randolph Mason
APRIL 13, 1902



Chapin Winston Radford
JUNE 24, 1902

Lionel Harry Colmore
AUGUST 14, 1902

Hubert Trippe
MARCH 31, 1903

Edward Augustus Quintard
APRIL 21, 1903



Frank Richmond Kimbrough

THOSE whose Sewanee memories run back so far, knew Richmond Kimbrough just nine years ago, and those who knew him then have loved him now for just nine years. The milestones in his life are soon set up. Born in 1877, at Clarksville, Tennessee, he came to Sewanee in 1894. The grammar school, and then the University; until his art cried out within him for completer expression, which could be gained only by much well directed toil, and so he joined the Art Students' League, in New York City, during the winter of 1896. By sheer power of his forceful talent, he outstripped his classmates, and was soon admitted to the life class. More study harvested his ripening genius, and in 1898 he went to England for color and portrait work under Sir Hubert Herkomer. His true feeling for line and color, joined to a large brilliancy of execution and an easy, strengthful grace peculiarly his own, brought the publishers to him, and his young and untamed hand had opportunity to practice and to find itself in poster and book-cover problems of design and color. Very quickly he mastered the details of the art, and his covers soon became known throughout England for their striking originality and unerring smoothness of touch. And now he was ready for higher things. His publishers had seen him growing with a swift and certain growth, and had just committed to his steadying grasp larger responsibility and fields of work whose higher reaches stretch on beyond the plains to the hills of eternal art where truth herself doth dwell, when suddenly high heaven looked down with universal sweep of vision and said that our little eyes were blind; that the work was finished and the guerdon could not be withheld. He died last Christmas day.

Many men have loved Sewanee. Few are they who, knowing her and worthy of her, have not loved her. Yet Richmond Kimbrough's love seemed almost a passion. It was the guiding star by which he reckoned on the facts of life—if Sewanee loved it, it was good; if it made no melody with Sewanee's name, it must be false. This adoration was always manifest in works. The labor of his skilful hands for us, he counted gain for him. He gave us of his best without saving and without stint. Each summer did he come back to us, a modern Antæus, to get a fresh and pulsing peace and strength from the breast of his kindly mountain mother. And when he went away across the water, we were not all forgot in busy days, but were held close, leashed in friendship by his sweetness and his thoughtful care—if it were only a postal card to link us to him with an affectionate godspeed. Yes, he loved much. Frankness, generosity, a tender sympathy, and a delicate grace, these were the things that won for him so many friends; and sincerity, simplicity, a winning tactfulness, and a sweet plain speaking, these were the things that kept them. And if ye ask, "Why does Sewanee love him?" for that reason that hath all other reasons in itself—because he first loved us, and because he loved Sewanee so.

Benefactors, 1900-1903



John D. Shaffer, B. S.

J. Pierpont Morgan

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Mrs. Anastasia Howard

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm P. McDowell

T. U. Dudley, LL.D., D. C. L.

F. F. Reese, D. D.

Overton Lea, Jr.

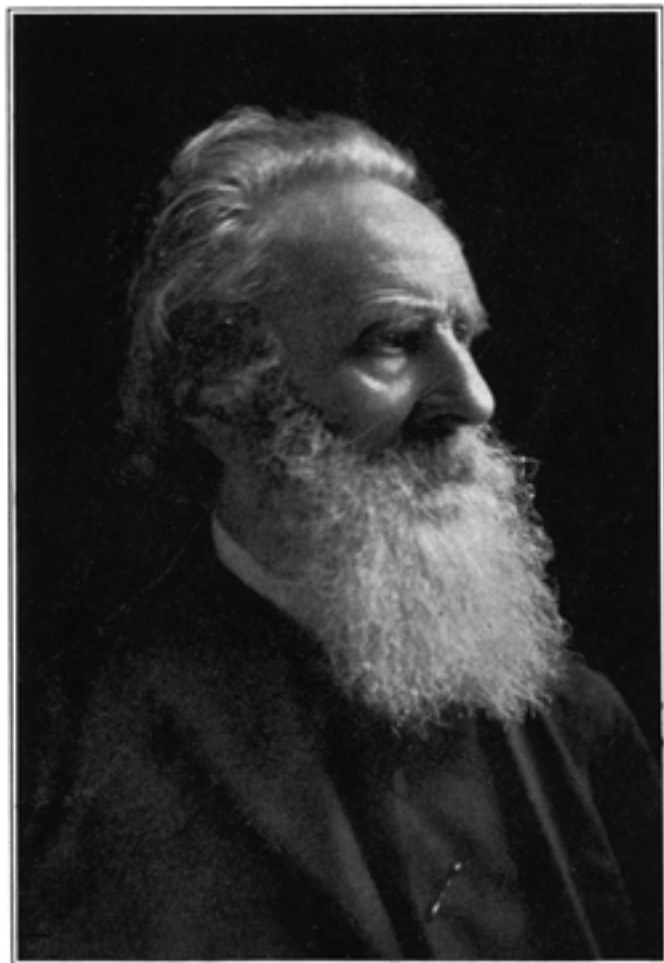
Luke Lea

W. C. Gray, D. D.

H. H. Lurton, D. C. L.

Arthur R. Gray

Johannes A. Oertel



JOHANNES A. OERTEL, D.D.



"NATURAL BRIDGE" NEAR SEWANEE



*Behold the redoubtable chanticleer,
The cock of the walk both far and near;
Who scatters the blear of darkness drear
And welcomes the day of sunlight clear;
Whose strident notes pierce the sleeping ear
Alike of the fool, the swain, the seer,
Of the young and old, the churl, the peer—
Behold the redoubtable CHANTICLEER.*



Thirty-Fifth Anniversary

PROGRAMME FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK, JUNE 19 TO 25, 1903

Order of Exercises

Friday, June 19

8.00 P.M. Contest in Declamation for the "Knight Medal" in Forensic Hall.

Saturday, June 20

9.00 A.M. Meeting of the Board of Trustees. Opening Services in S. Augustine's Chapel. Address by Right Reverend Thomas Underwood Dudley, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Kentucky, Chancellor.
10.00 A.M. Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association.
8.00 P.M. Anniversary Exercises of the Literary Society of the Sewanee Grammar School.

Sunday, June 21

7.00 A.M. Celebration of the Holy Communion in S. Augustine's Chapel.
11.00 A.M. Commencement Sermon by the Right Reverend Alexander C. Garrett, D.D. LL. D., Bishop of Texas.
8.00 P.M. Annual Meeting of St. Luke's Brotherhood in S. Augustine's Chapel.

Monday, June 22

10.00 A.M. Commencement Exercises of the Sewanee Grammar School.
7.30 P.M. Contest in Oratory between the Pi Omega and the Sigma Epsilon Literary Societies, and delivery of medals for prize oration and essay, in Forensic Hall.

Orators

Sigma Epsilon

JOSEPH BOZEMAN RYLANCE, Alabama.
CLAYTON EARL WHEAT, Texas.

Pi Omega

WILLIAM JOSHUA BARNEY, Georgia.
JAMES GARROTT HOLMES, Mississippi.

Essayists

Sigma Epsilon

WALTER HARE, Georgia.
GEORGE VICTOR PEAK, Texas.

Pi Omega

WYATT HUNTER BROWN, Alabama.
ROYAL KENNETH TUCKER, Alabama.

Tuesday, June 23

8.00 P.M. Gymnasium Exhibition in Forensic Hall.

Wednesday, June 24

3.00 P.M. Competitive Drill and Sham Battle.

8.00 P.M. Annual Banquet of the Alumni.

Thursday, June 25

10.30 A.M. Commencement Exercises in S. Augustine's Chapel.

9.00 P.M. Commencement Hop in Forensic Hall.

Monday, June 29

9.00 P.M. Commencement German in Forensic Hall.

Tuesday, June 30

9.00 P.M. Sphinx Dinner.

Wednesday, July 1

9.00 P.M. Red Ribbon German in Forensic Hall.

Commencement Day

Thursday, June 25, at 10.30 A.M., S Augustine's Chapel

Opening Services.

Latin Salutatory, Eugene Cecil Seaman, of Texas.

University Oration, H. C. White, Ph.D., of the University of Georgia.

Presentation of Certificates and Diplomas by the Vice-Chancellor.

Award of Medals and Prizes.

Conferring of Degrees by the Vice-Chancellor.

Conferring of Honorary Degrees by the Chancellor.

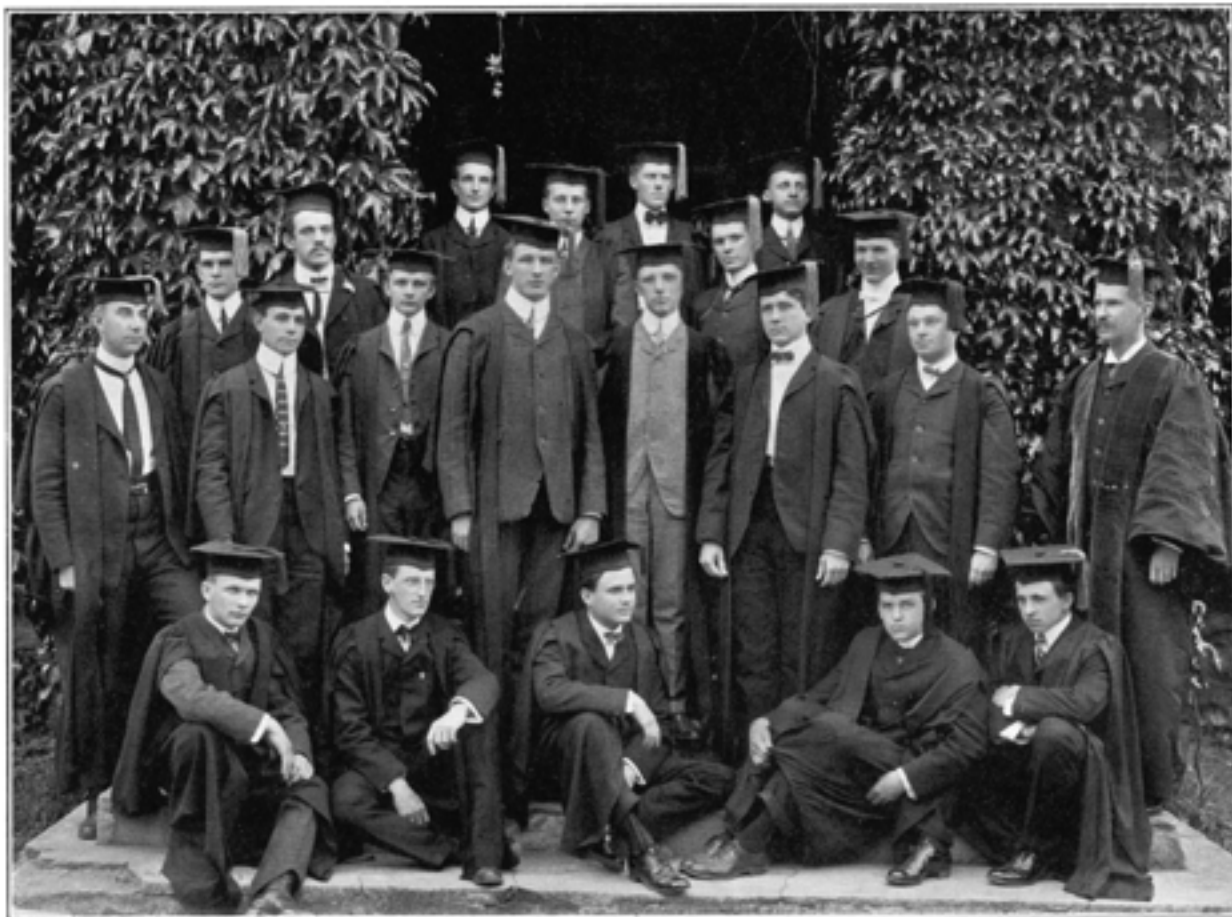
Valedictory Oration, George Bowdoin Craighill, of Maryland.

Concluding Service.



HOFFMAN HALL





CLASS OF 1903

CADMAN	MOZYCK	TUCKER	COLMORE	BIRD	CAMERON	KIBLER	VICE-CHANCELLOR WIGGINS
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CHARLES BLAYNEY COLMORE, M. A.
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 HERBERT EDMUNDS SMITH

ROYAL KENNETH TUCKER

Class of 1903

MEDICAL

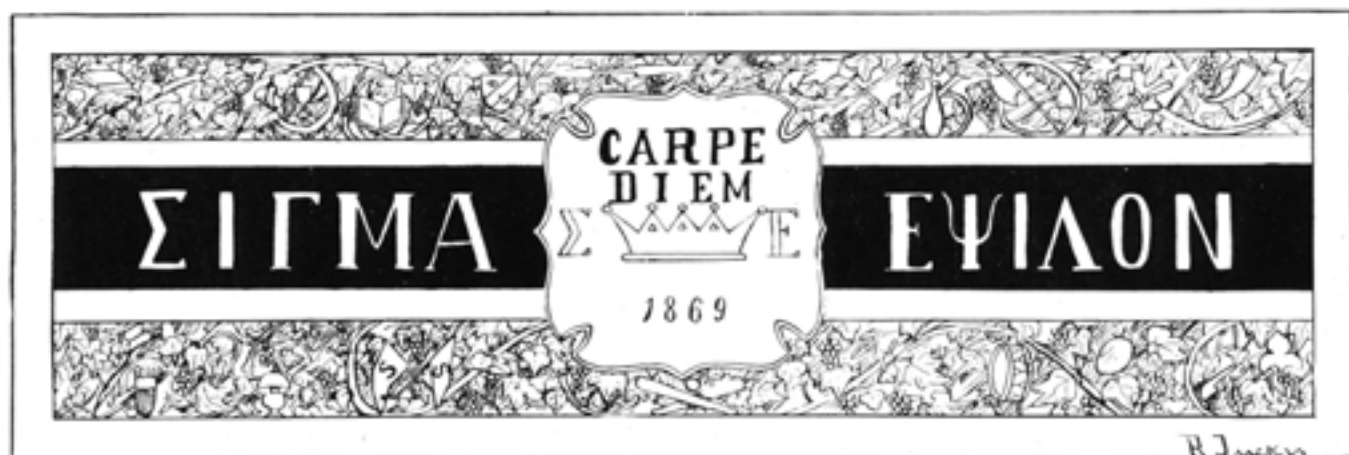
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HORACE CLIFTON McCracken	<i>President</i>
ELISHA ASHE YOUNG	<i>Vice-President</i>
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WILLIAM PERRY REAVES	<i>Treasurer</i>
CARY TRAVERS GRAYSON	<i>Valedictorian</i>

Class Roll

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CARR, OLIVER FRANKLIN, Mississippi.	MINTER, JAMES MORGAN, Georgia.
CARTWRIGHT, FRANK WILLIAM, New York.	MORRISON, FRANK JORDAN, Virginia.
CHANCEY, MARION GIRTY, Georgia.	MORSE, FRANK WILMONT, Massachusetts.
CHITWOOD, WILLIAM OSCAR, Alabama.	NOTTINGHAM, PEYTON PAGE, Virginia.
COMEAX, RUDOLPH KOSSUTH, Louisiana.	OGLE, ASHLEY WINFORD, Tennessee.
COPELAND, MILES AXE, Alabama.	PITTS, WALTER INGOLD, North Carolina.
CRUTE, CHARLES BLEDSOE, Virginia.	POW, JOHN ROBERT, Alabama.
DARDIS, WALTER TRAYNOR, Tennessee.	PERKINS, EDWARD WILLIAM, Virginia.
DEBELL, ARTHUR WISE, Virginia.	PORET, EDWARD ALFRED, Louisiana.
DUHON, JOHN OCTAVE, Louisiana.	REAVES, WILLIAM PERRY, Tennessee.
DUNN, ROBERT BURRI, Mississippi.	SELLEN, JOSÉ MARTIN, Georgia.
EZELL, WALTER LEONARD, South Carolina.	SLUSHER, WILLIAM CLARY, Virginia.
FOX, JOSEPH ANDREW, West Virginia.	STATEN, ADOLPHUS BURLESON, Texas.
FRENCH, CHAPMAN JOHNSTON, Virginia.	SYKES, WALTER MORRIS, Virginia.
GRAVES, GEORGE BERRY, Virginia.	TOLSON, JOHN, Louisiana.
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LAND, JOSEPH NORTON, South Carolina.	YANCEY, WILLIE DAVIS, Virginia.
LATANE, THOMAS BERNARD, Virginia.	YOUNG, ELISHA ASHE, Alabama.
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Anniversary Essayist	H. MASTERSON, JR.
Contestants for Anniversary Medal	{ W B. HARE*
	{ C. E. WHEAT
Inter-Society Essayists	{ B. B. HOGUE*
	{ H. MASTERSON, JR.
Inter-Society Orators	{ CAMPBELL GRAY
	{ ORMOND SIMKINS

* Medalist.



ΠΙ ΩΜΕΤΑ

P. Tucker

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Anniversary Essayist	V. S. TUPPER
Contestants for Anniversary Medal	{ J. G. HOLMES *
	{ R. E. BOSTROM
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Program of Annual Exercises, Thompson Hall, January 21, 1903, at 7.30 p. m.

PRESENTATION OF PICTURE TO DEAN

By the President

PAPER ON "RELATION OF PHARMACISTS TO THE PHYSICIAN"

By Walter T. Dardis

CHARGE TO THE SOCIETY ON STATE AND AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION ETHICS

By John S. Cain, Dean

DELIVERY OF SOCIETY DIPLOMAS

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Homiletic Society

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Ramundo de Ores
'02

Secretary H. D. PHILLIPS

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G. B. CRAIGHILL

THOMAS EVANS

H. W. JERVEY

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R. M. MARSHALL

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J. B. RYLANCE

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R. K. TUCKER

V. S. TUPPER

C. E. WHEAT



Χελιδών.

IT is not always that the high claims which the members of an organization make for themselves are frankly recognized by outsiders. I was talking the other day with a man who said in the course of his conversation: "You know I'm the Grand Protector of Texas." "No," I said, "I did not know; I did not know that Texas had a Grand Protector, and I should have been rather disposed to imagine that if the Lone Star State maintained such a belligerent office, Senator Bailey or Governor Hogg would claim to hold it." Then he explained that he held his lofty title under charter from some secret order, which dressed itself up and paraded the streets on occasion, and sold life insurance of sorts.

Chelidon has the unique distinction that when it claims to be the Brains of the Mountain no one ventures for an instant to smile or to demur. Emphatically its members are *οἱ τῶν ἐλλεικτῶν ἐλλεικτοί*. The literary societies skim the cream from the student intelligence, and Chelidon skims the cream from the literary societies, and it is this thick, rich, not to say butyraceous, mentality which thinks for Sewanee. When some new and audacious theory is propounded on the outside, when some daring innovation in the accustomed way of looking at things in politics or philosophy, in sociology or ethics, penetrates the recesses of our "conservatively-lumbered" forests, and drops with a thud on the towered city, the whole student body holds its breath, the Hebdomadal Board temporizes, the Vice-Chancellor refuses to commit himself, until Chelidon has taken it under advisement and pronounced. Then the University knows where it stands, and Dr. Ramage leads on the subject in the E. Q. B. *ὁ γὰρ χελιδὼν εἶρατι καὶ ὁ λόγος τετρίλεται*.

Chelidon, so great and wise, is also versatile. "No pent-up Utica confines its powers." It is more than a debating society, more than the debating society. It has a festive board, and it delights to spread it; it has a convivial voice, and it delights to lift it. There was never yet organization of fledgling genius and soaring soul which welcomed with greater glee in its moments of relaxation the engaging truth that "life slips its tether when good fellows get together." And Chelidon is prepared to complete the quotation and to defend it against all comers. And when your solemn Alumni banquet is done, when the Bishops and the big-wigs have one by one silently stolen away, when the candle-ends have guttered into islands of wax amid the nasturtium blooms, and the waiters shake their heads and whisper that there is no more, you reflect on your homeward path that for a jolly good time and a night of rousing cheer, for the sparkle of wit and humor and the glow of human sympathy, for the splendid clairvoyance and the generous frankness of confident youth, Chelidon, with its modest steins and its canned sausage, beats the glamour and the glitter of the long formal tables with the stately row of extinct volcanoes at the head.

Perhaps it is true that *μία χελιδὼν ἵαρον ὥ ποιεῖ*, but one Chelidon doth make eternal summer at Sewanee.





J. B. HENNEMAN, Ph.D.

HUBERT EVANS, Ph.D.

W. A. MONTGOMERY, Ph.D.

T. E. DABNEY

W. B. HARE

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HENRY COOLIDGE SEMPLE	1893	at South Carolina College
*MERCER GREEN JOHNSTON	1894	at the University of the South
STUART STROTHER McLEAN	1895	at Washington and Lee University
*JOHN BARBEE GALLEHER	1896	at Centre College
*JOHN STEWART TANNER	1897	at the University of Texas
RICHARD WALLACE HOGUE	1898	at Vanderbilt University
*RICHARD WALLACE HOGUE	1899	at the University of Virginia
ORMOND SIMKINS	1902	at Kentucky University
HENRY DISBRO PHILLIPS	1903	at the University of the South

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University of Virginia

University of Texas

Washington and Lee University

University of the South

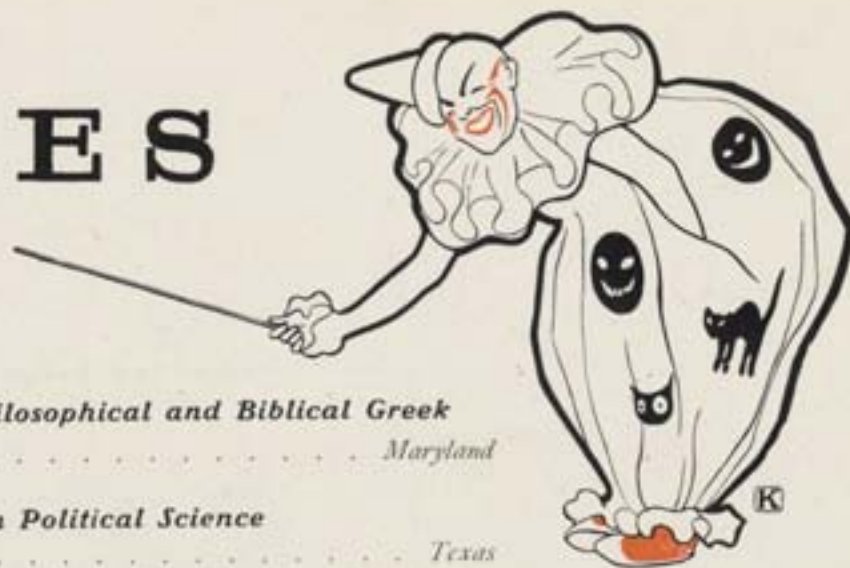
Central University

Vanderbilt University

South Carolina College

* Medalist.

PRIZES



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WILLIAM HENRY POOLE, M.A. Maryland

E. G. Richmond Prize in Political Science

ORMOND SIMKINS Texas

Knight Medal for Declamation

GEORGE BOWDOIN CRAIGHILL Maryland

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THOMAS EWING DABNEY Tennessee

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FRANCIS CAMPBELL GRAY, M.A. Florida

Van Hoose Medal for German

EUGENE CECIL SEAMAN Texas

First Honor, Medical Department

JOSÉ MARTIN SELDEN Tennessee

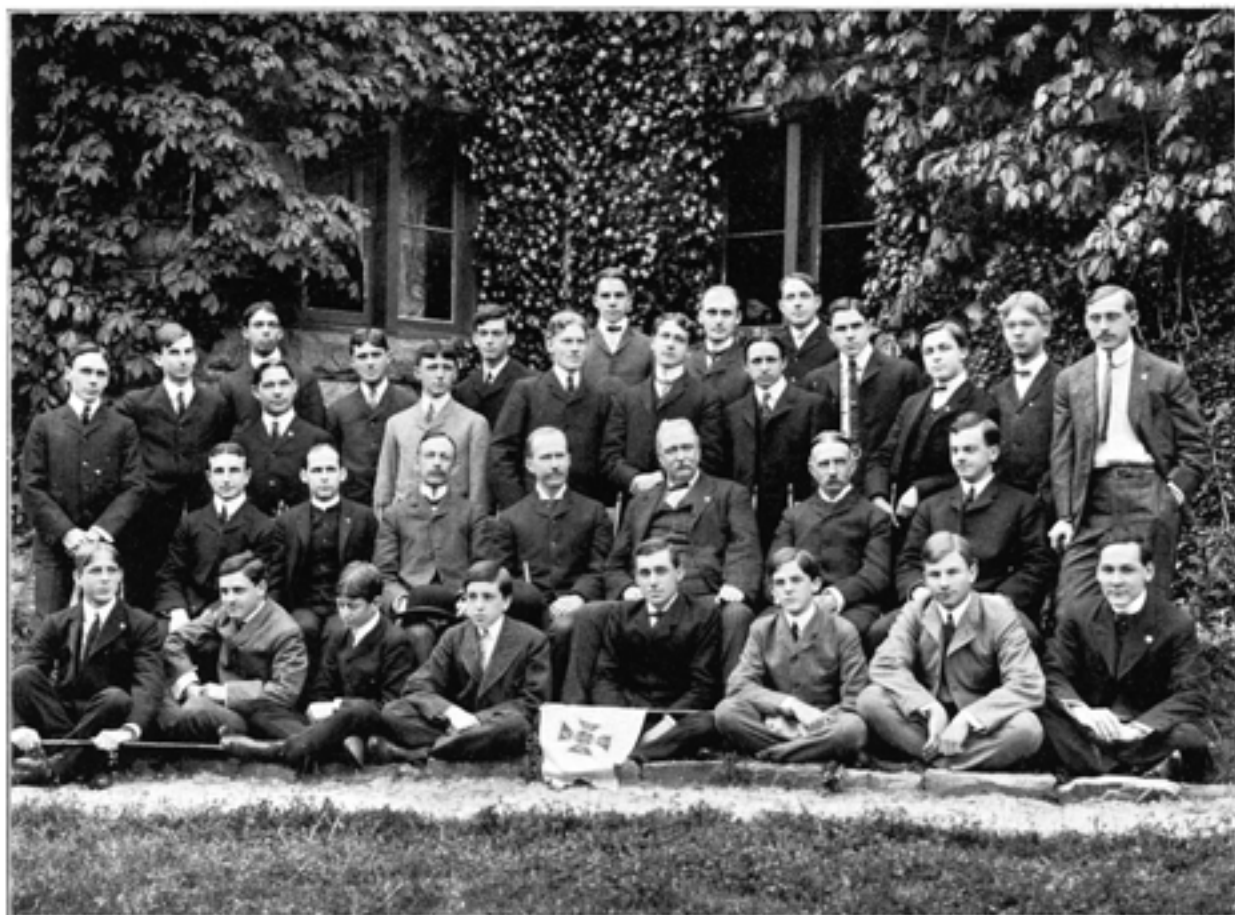
WILLIAM PERRY REAVES Tennessee



VICE-CHANCELLOR'S RESIDENCE



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* Left the University.



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Founded at University of Bologna, Italy, 1400.
Colors—Scarlet, White and Emerald-Green

Established at University of Virginia 1867
Publications—"THE CADUCEUS" and "STAR AND CRESCENT" (secret)

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ALPHA-RHO—Bowdoin College
BETA-KAPPA—New Hampshire College
ALPHA-LAMBDA—University of Vermont
BETA—Brown University

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PI—Swarthmore College
ALPHA-DELTA—Pennsylvania State College
ALPHA-EPSILON—University of Pennsylvania
ALPHA-PHI—Bucknell University
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ALPHA-ETA—Columbian University

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BETA-SIGMA—Washington University
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BETA-OMICRON—University of Denver

District VIII

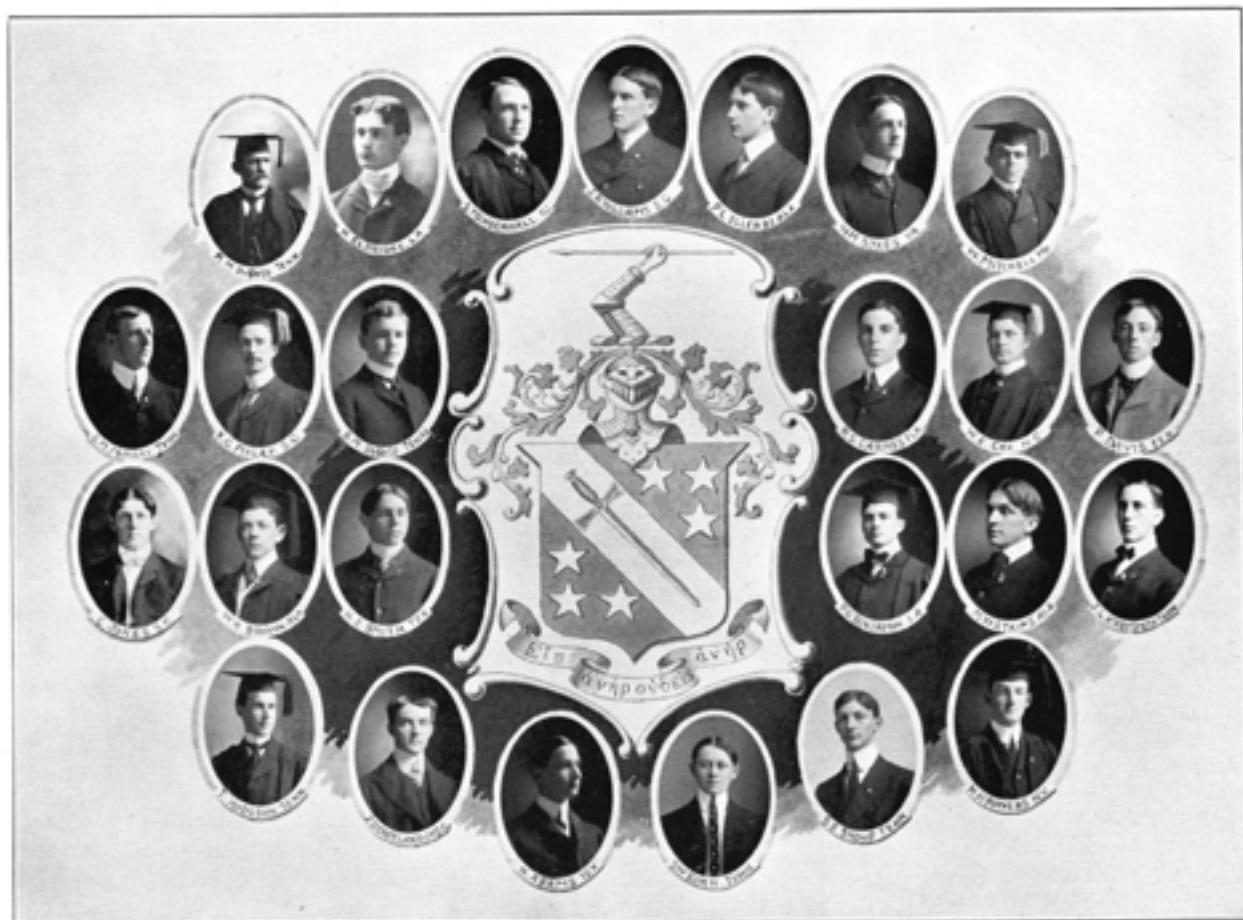
ALPHA-SIGMA—Ohio State University
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ALPHA-PI—Wabash College
BETA-THETA—University of Indiana
ALPHA-GAMMA—University of Illinois
ALPHA-CHI—Lake Forest University
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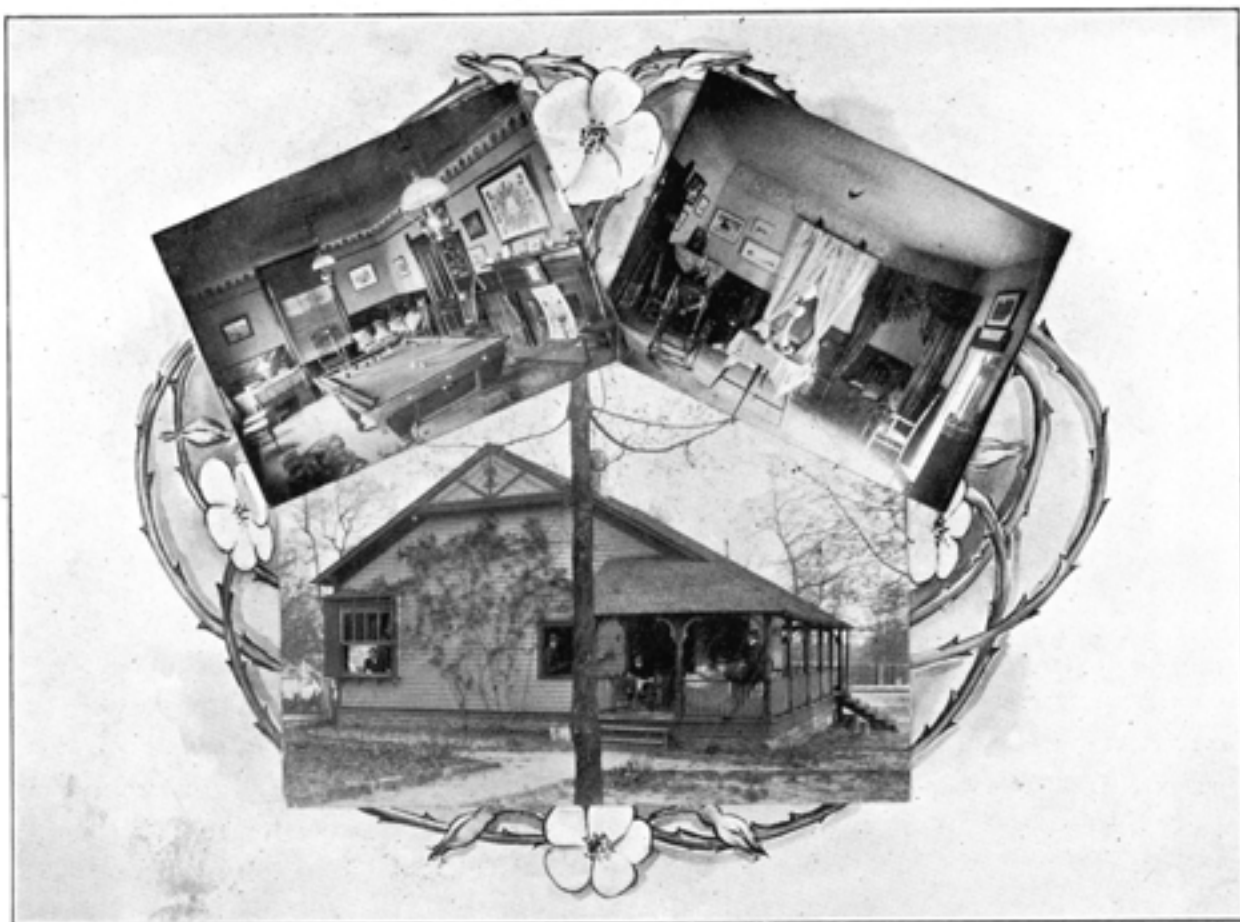
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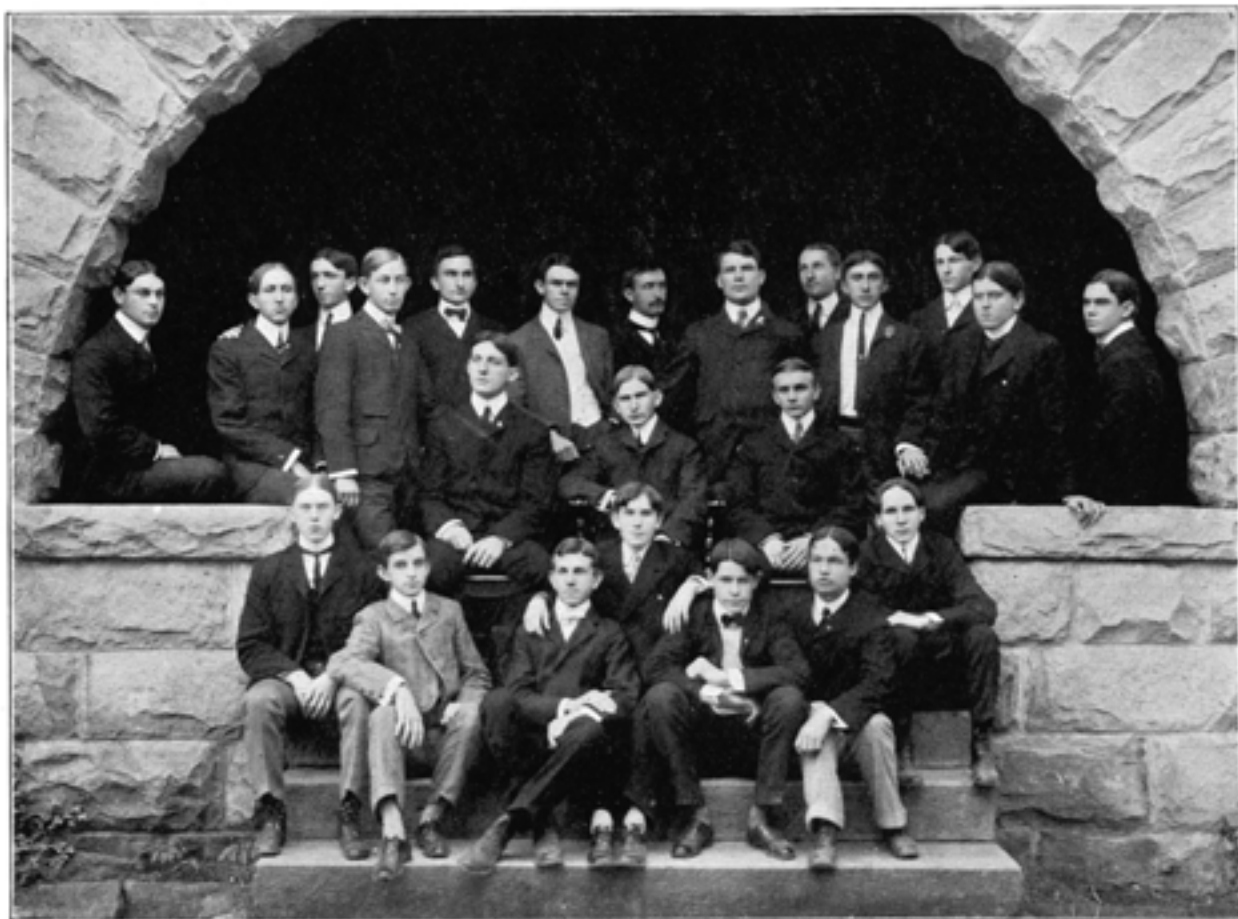
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			KNIGHT		PITTMAN	CRAIGHILL			
	WINTER				E. B. ATKINS		THOMPSON		
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PI KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY

Pi Kappa Alpha

1868

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QUINTARD MEMORIAL HALL



REVIEW
CAP & GOWN
LITERY MAGAZINE
PURPLE
MOUNTAINEER



1903

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G. Bowdoin Craighill,

Prentice A. Pugh, Business Manager

Charles B. Colmore

Homer L. Hoover,

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Henry P. Phillips.



CAP AND GOWN STAFF

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PHILLIPS

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The PURPLE

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Endowed at Last

Requiescat in Pace

This page is dedicated

To a mem'ry of the past;

'Tis a tribute too belated

To the play, "ENDOWED AT LAST."

Some there were who did not praise it;

Some who squirmed, and some got sore,

But their curses did not phase it,

Though the yellowish Purple swore.

There were those who thought the action

Was not equal to King Lear;

And there was a jealous faction

Which thought Hamlet was its peer.

It was even whispered boldly

That Earl Wheat came from a zoo,

And one youth announced quite coldly

That he "much preferred John Drew."

The ghost scene did not frighten,

The love scene did not melt,

The bon-mot did not lighten

Things, but seemed to raise a welt.

When Phillip's knees struck fire,

And his stocking clocks ran down,

All the sewing-circle choir

Raged, "He *should* have worn his gown."

The minds of men are many

(*De gust. non disputat.*),

But the minds of some aren't any,

So this masterpiece fell flat.

Now, though geniuses, we're genial;

You're so slow to take a cue,

We are going to play the menial,

And "STOOP TO CONQUER" you.



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The Society makes regular appropriations to the support of those Missions in the surrounding valleys where expense is incurred for the transportation of the Missionaries in charge. During the past year \$50 was given toward the erection of a new church building at Sherwood, and the appropriation to the General Missions of the Church was increased. Included in the work of the Society is a regular monthly meeting for the purpose of gaining knowledge, and of awakening interest in Missionary enterprises. For this meeting papers on special topics are prepared by the Theological students. We have enlarged our pledges, and we ask the continued support of the Sewanee people and visitors to enable us to aid in the Missionary work of the Church.

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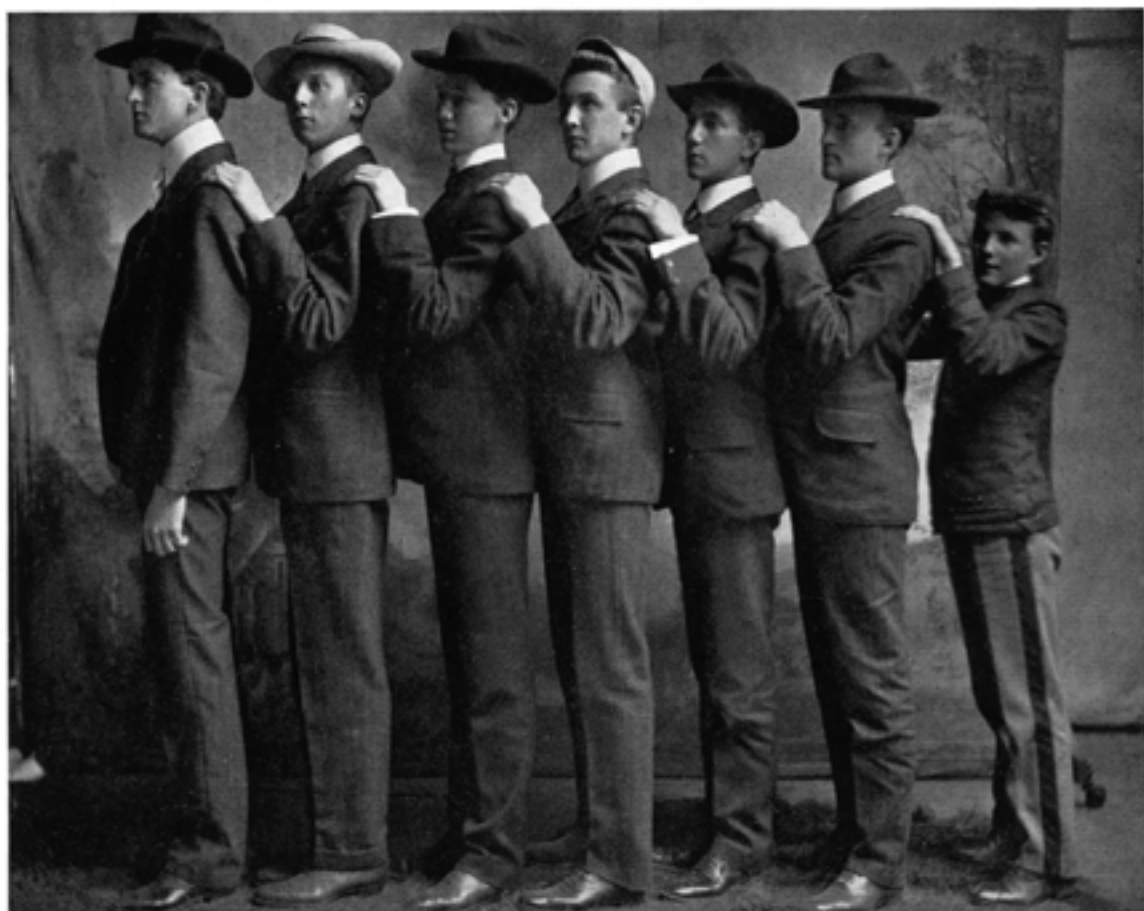
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<hr/>	
Total	37 feet 9½ inches



The Alabama Club

YELL—Boomalaka, Boomalaka!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Alabam! Alabam! Alabam—a!

SONG—"Down Mobile"

COLOR—Steel Gray

MOTTO—Manana

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Club

PATRON SAINT—Saint Augustine

MOTTO—"DeLand of Flowers"

COLOR—Orange

SONG—"In the Shade of the Sheltering Palm"

FAVORITE DISH—Alligator Bait

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GEORGIA CLUB

YELL—Razzle Dazzle, Kizzle, Kazzle!
 Sis boom ah!
 Georgia, Georgia,
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

COLORS—Red and Black

DRINK—Horse's Neck

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KENTUCKY CLUB

MOTTO—"Down with the Keely Institute"

YELL—Hip, hip, hurray!
What do we say?
Kentucky!
Kentucky!

FLOWER—Blue Grass

COLORS—Dappel Grey and Sorrel

DRINK—Straight

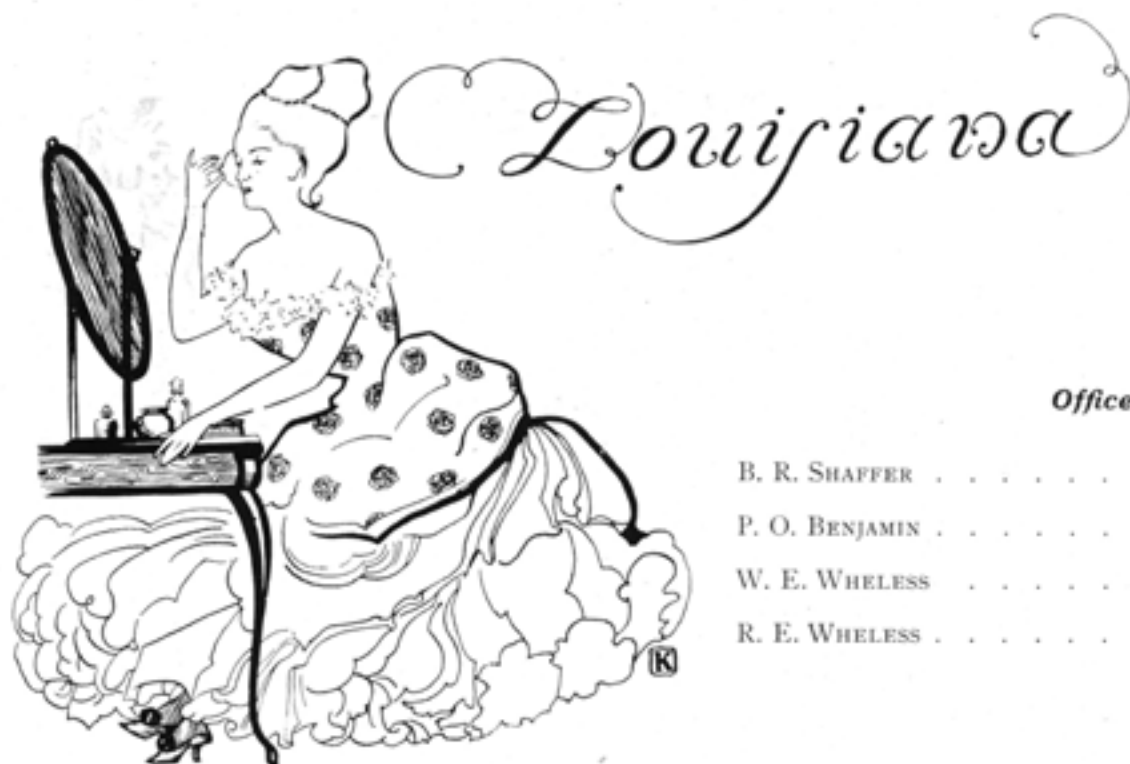
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TENNESSEE CLUB ~

YELL—Hullaballo! wahoo!
Hullaballo! wahoo!
Hoorah! hoorah!
Tennessee!

COLORS—Green and White
FAVORITE DRINK—Pep-to-lac
MOTTO—Cuss and discuss

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COLOR—Old Gold

ANNUAL BANQUET—San Jacinto Day

FAVORITE DRINK—Budweiser

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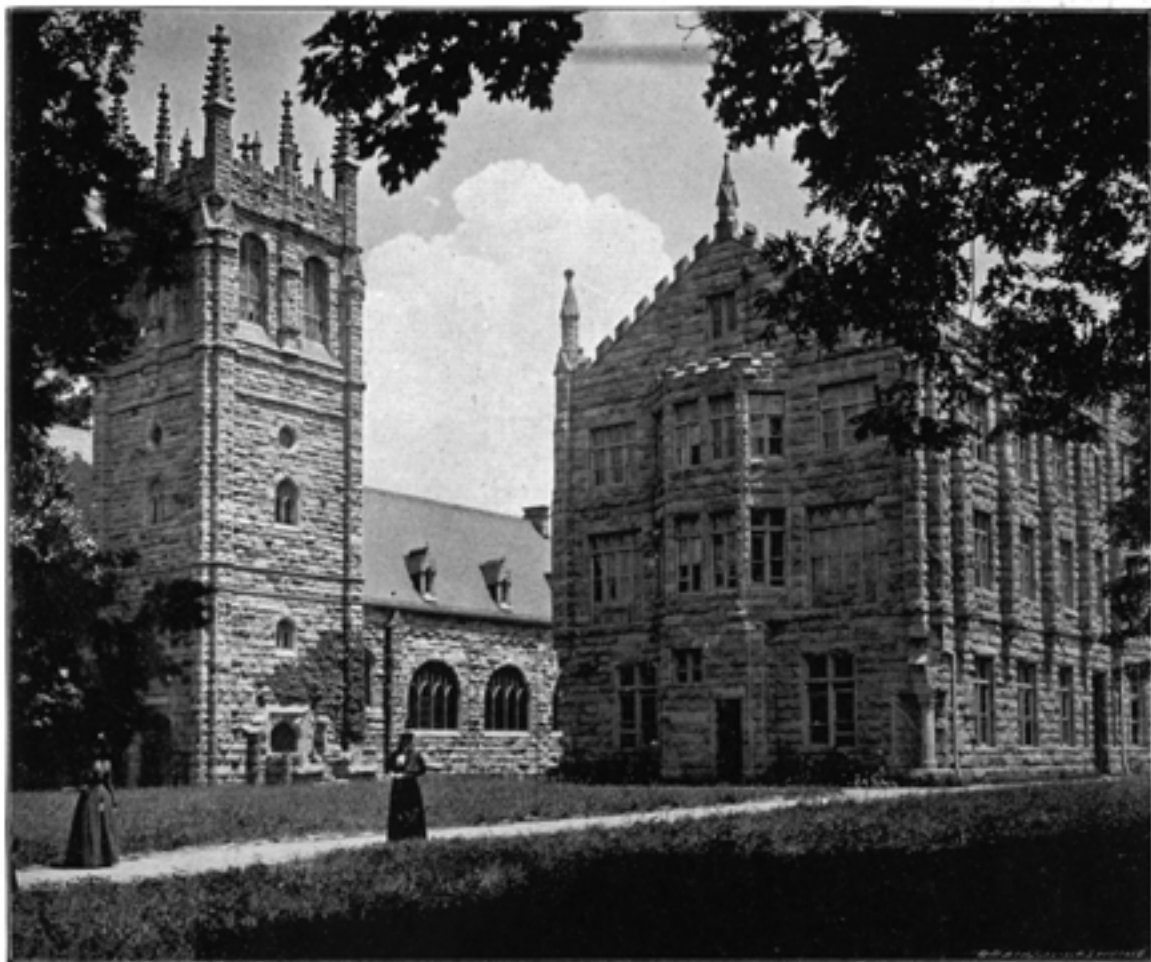


COLORS—Red, White, and Blue, and Some Stars
MOTTO—"War is Hell"

FAVORITE FOOD—Pumpkin Pie
BEST BEVERAGE—Birch Beer

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The Engineering Class

Kind reader, stop, for we would like, before this page you pass,
To tell you of the merits of the engineering class.

 The members of the chain gang of mighty fame are we,
 The joy of Dr. Barton and the pride of Sewanee.
'Tis we who know the secrets of the transit, rod and chain
And how to read the vernier and what's a datum plane.
 The Doctor teaches carefully the making of a plot
 And how to set the transit up upon a given spot.
He teaches of the weighty laws that govern subdivision
And how to drive a wooden peg with neatness and precision.
 We talk of off-sets, leveling rods, and lines of collimation,
 While Greek and Latin students gaze in silent admiration.
We run our lines with wondrous skill o'er mountain, hill and valley,
And measure every other day the length of Andy's alley.
 We tell the hour when Polaris will reach its elongation,
 And estimate the azimuth with careful calculation.
And we would rule Sewanee with undisputed sway
If we could only monarchs be of all that we survey.
 And when wearied with the arduous work of tramping o'er the mountain
 Who patronizes half so well the Supply Store soda fountain?
So from our lofty seat of knowledge we look down in disdain
On those who cannot run a line or use a rod and chain.
 So Meds. may come and Lawyers go and Theologues may pass,
 But Sewanee's brightest jewel is her Engineering Class.



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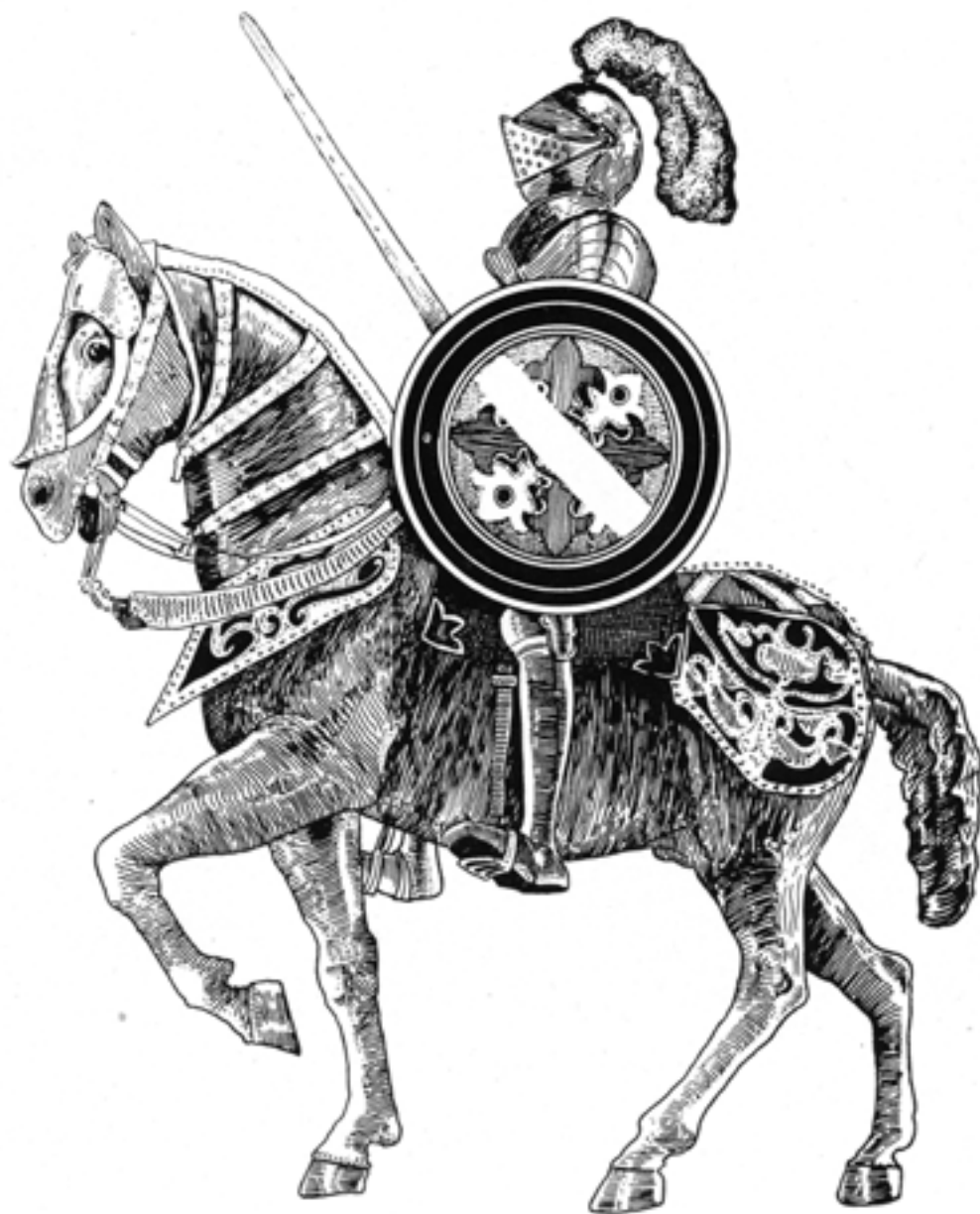
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EDWARD BRIDGE NELSON, M.A., M.D.
FRANCIS VAUX WILSON
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GEORGE HENRY GLASS
FREDERICK GRAY HEBBARD
ROBERT SCOTT SPILMAN, B.S.

* Deceased

ST. JOHN COURTENAY
FRANCIS ELLIOTT SHOUP
GEORGE FREELAND PETER, B.D.



OSCAR WILDER
REYNOLD MARVIN KIRBY-SMITH, M.D.
JOHN BARBER GALLEHER, LL.B.
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JAMES BRODIE, LL.B.
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BRADLEY BROWN HOGUE
PHELAN BEALE, LL.B.
ANDREW CAMPBELL PITTMAN

ACTIVE MEMBERS

GRANT GREEN ALEXANDER
PERCY OZIER BENJAMIN
ROBERT ERWIN COWART, JR.
ROBERT CARL DICKERSON
GEORGE PHILIPS GATES

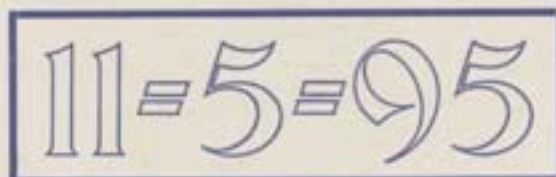
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JAMES MONROE JONES
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ALUMNI

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CADWALADER JONES
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JOHN BEN ROBERTSON
HORACE STRINGFELLOW





ACTIVE

VERNON SOUTHALL TUPPER

THOMAS EVANS

VALENTINE JORDAN NESBIT

WESLEY EAKIN WHELESS

WILLIAM MEACHAM STEWART

HAROLD ABRAMS

HARRY LESTER DURRANT

ROGER ENGLISH WHELESS

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ALUMNI

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ERNEST MCPHERSON MURRAY

PERCY DAVIS

LILLO SHANNON MUNGER



THROUGH THE FOREST



General Athletic Association



Officers

August-December, 1902

F. M. OSBORNE	<i>President</i>	F. M. OSBORNE
THOMAS EVANS	<i>Vice-President</i>	H. E. SMITH
H. E. SMITH	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	J. B. RYLANCE

March-July, 1903

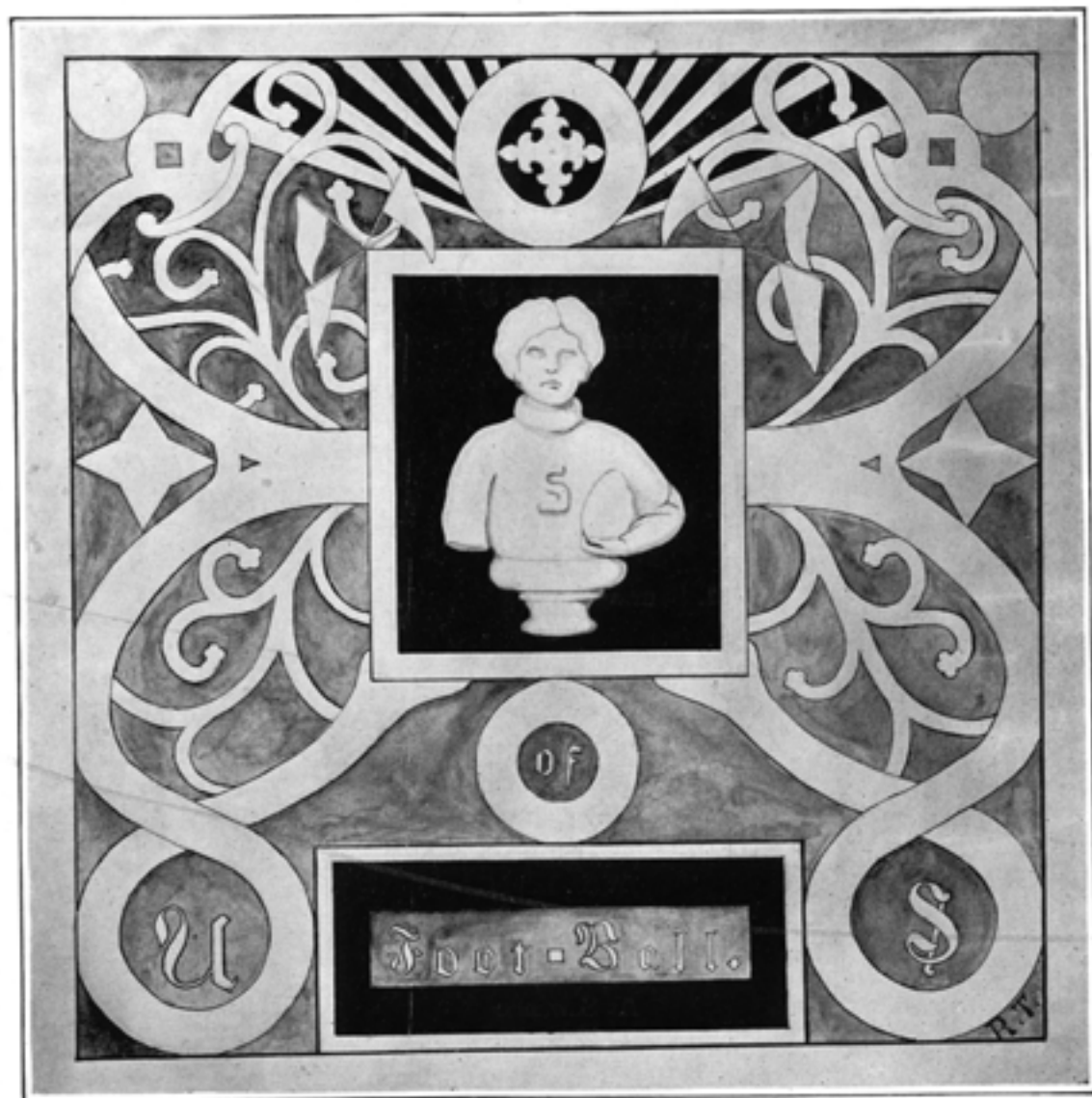
Executive Committee

August-December, 1902

DR. B. L. WIGGINS
THOMAS EVANS
F. M. OSBORNE
H. D. PHILLIPS
A. C. PITTMAN
H. E. SMITH
V. S. TUPPER

March-July, 1903

DR. B. L. WIGGINS
THOMAS EVANS
F. M. OSBORNE
H. D. PHILLIPS
P. A. PUGH
J. B. RYLANCE
V. S. TUPPER



Football Team, 1902

H. D. PHILLIPS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Captain</i>
V. S. TUPPER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Manager</i>
L. W. BOYNTON (Coach)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Coach</i>

ELEVEN

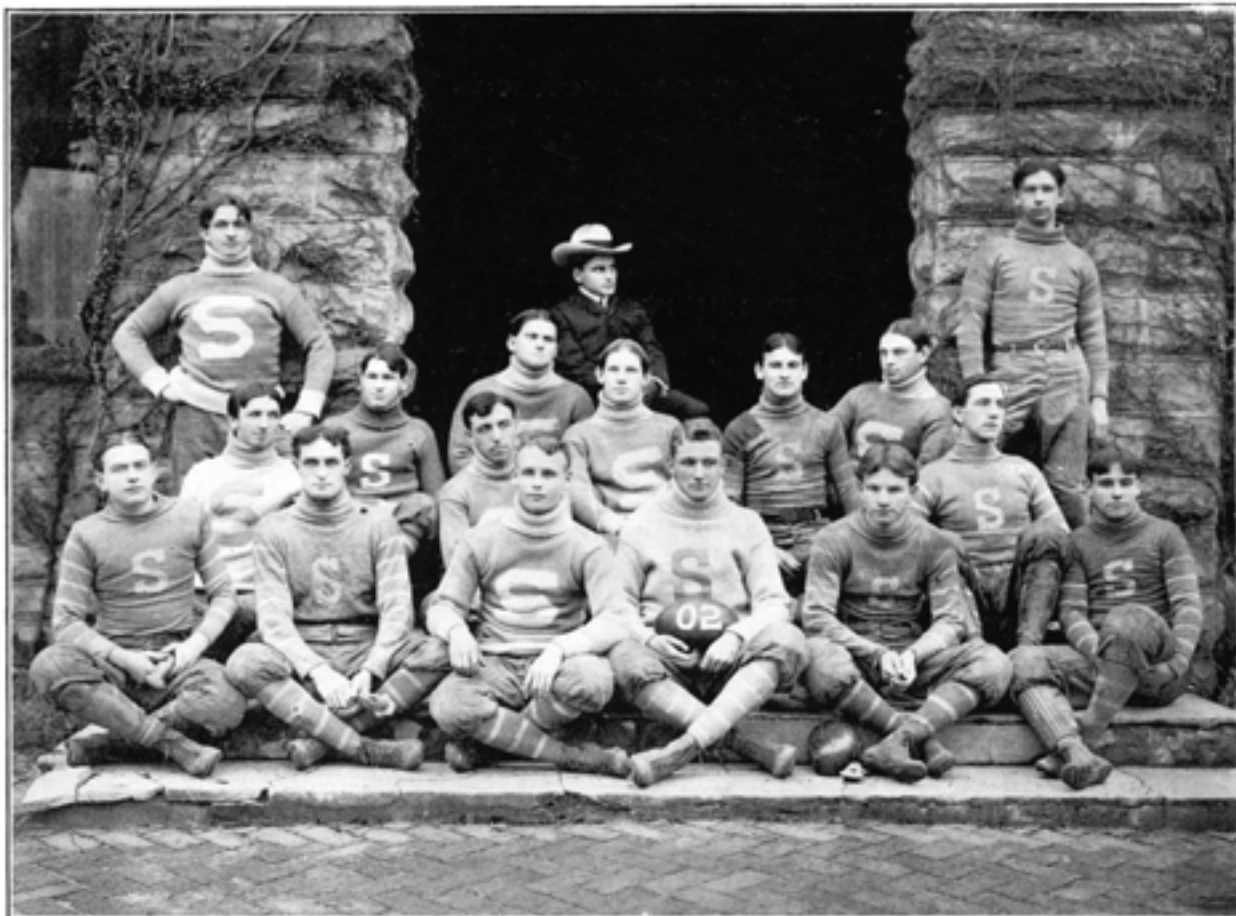
<i>Left</i>		M. A. WATKINS			<i>Center</i>			<i>Right</i>
H. T. LEMOINE	-	-	-	-	<i>Guards</i>	-	-	H. D. PHILLIPS
J. L. KIRBY-SMITH	-	-	-	-	<i>Tackles</i>	-	-	J. R. POW
H. E. SMITH	{	-	-	-	<i>Ends</i>	-	-	W. H. DAVIS
W. E. WHEELER		-	-	-	-	-	-	
		F. M. OSBORNE	-	-	<i>Quarter</i>			
R. M. COLMORE	-	-	-	-	<i>Half Backs</i>	-	-	{ R. N. ATKINSON
		W. M. STEWART	-	-	<i>Full</i>			{ W. B. BANNERMAN

SUBSTITUTES

G. G. ALEXANDER	S. G. JETT	H. H. SNEED
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Record

Sewanee against Mooney	-	-	At Sewanee	-	-	-	-	-	39	0
Sewanee against Texas	-	-	At Dallas	-	-	-	-	-	0	10
Sewanee against Washington	-	-	At St. Louis	-	-	-	-	-	22	6
Sewanee against Tennessee	-	-	At Knoxville	-	-	-	-	-	0	6
Sewanee against Auburn	-	-	At Birmingham	-	-	-	-	-	6	0
Sewanee against Georgia	-	-	At Atlanta	-	-	-	-	-	11	0
Sewanee against Cumberland	-	-	At Sewanee	-	-	-	-	-	22	0
Sewanee against Vanderbilt	-	-	At Nashville	-	-	-	-	-	11	5



FOOTBALL TEAM

DAVIS

WATKINS
SNEED

WHEELLESS
POW

LEMOINE
BANNERMAN
ATKINSON

TUPPER (M)
STEWART
PHILLIPS (C)

OSBORNE

ALEXANDER
COLMORE

JETT
KIRBY-SMITH

SMITH

Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association

OFFICERS FOR 1903

WILLIAM L. DUDLEY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
W. M. RIGGS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
ALEX. L. BONDURANT	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

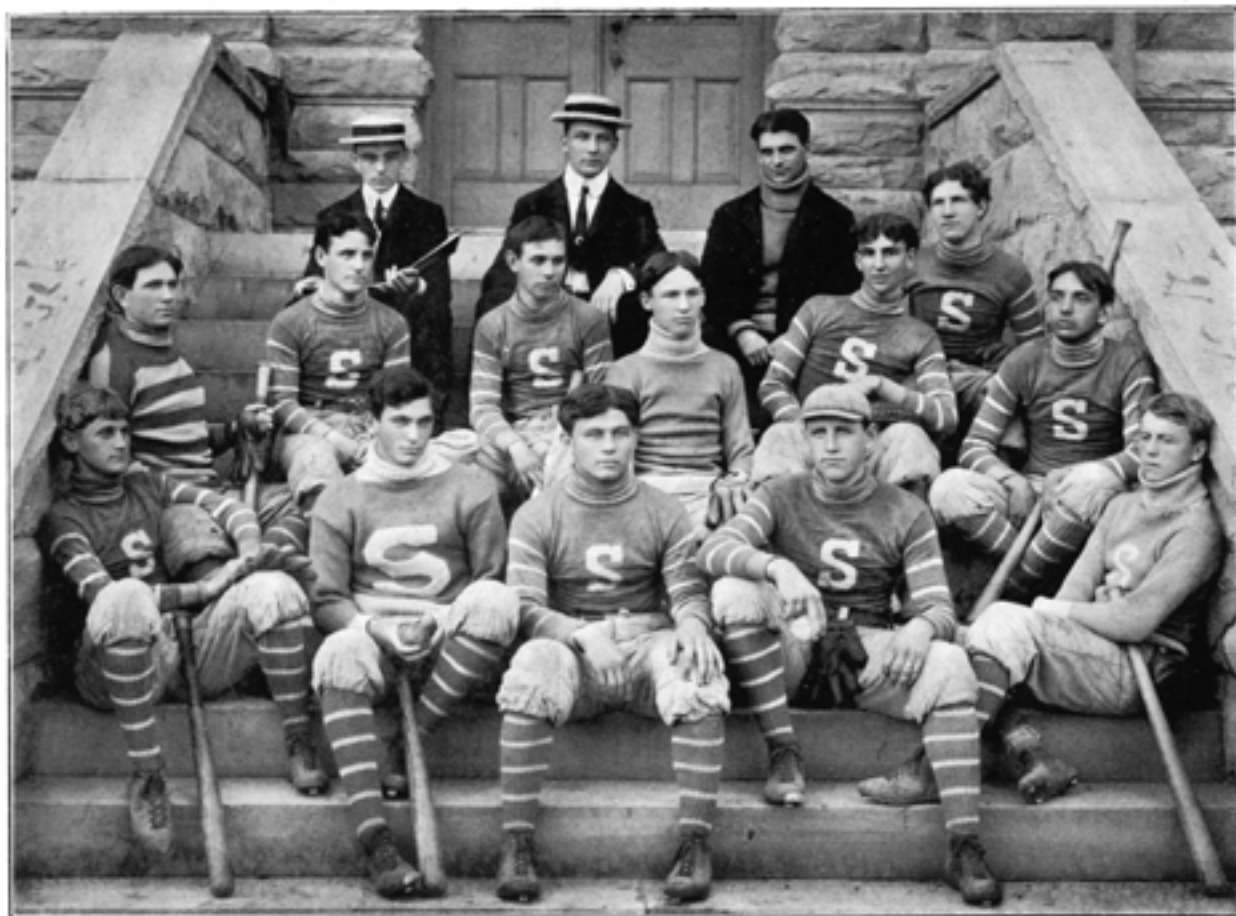
WM. L. DUDLEY, Vanderbilt University	W. M. RIGGS, Clemson College, S. C.
ALEX. L. BONDURANT, University of Mississippi	A. H. PATTERSON, University of Georgia
B. B. ROSS, Alabama Polytechnic Institute	

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 Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, College Station, Texas
 Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
 Clemson College, Clemson, S. C.
 Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.
 Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
 Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
 Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
 Southern University, Greensboro, Ala.

Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
 Trinity University, Waxahachie, Texas.
 University of Alabama, University, Ala.
 University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
 University of Mississippi, University, Miss.
 University of Nashville, Nashville, Tenn.
 University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
 University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
 University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
 Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
 Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.





BASEBALL TEAM

ELGIN
BOGUE (C)

COWART (S)
SHELBY
HUGER

PHILLIPS (M)
SMITH
WHEAT
SIMKINS

BRADY (coach)
SCOLLARD
MURRAY

CROFT

STRINGFELLOW
COPE

Baseball Team, 1902

[illegible]

TEAM

ORMOND SIMKINS	-	-	-	-	-	Catcher	H. G. COPE	-	-	-	-	-	Third Base
E. MACP. MURRAY	-	-	-	-	-	} Pitchers	B. B. HOGUE	-	-	-	-	-	Short Stop
P. E. HUGER	-	-	-	-	-		G. B. SHELBY	-	-	-	-	-	Left Field
T. W. SCOLLARD	-	-	-	-	-	First Base	H. E. SMITH	-	-	-	-	-	Center Field
H. STRINGFELLOW	-	-	-	-	-	Second Base	G. W. CROFT, JR.	-	-	-	-	-	Right Field

Substitute

C. E. WHEAT

Baseball Record, 1902

[illegible]



CONTRIBUTORS

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Reverend Gardiner E. Tucker	Reverend R. J. G. de Obies	
Reverend H. W. Starr, M. A.		
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Miss Sara McNeal		
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C. E. Wheat	John Kershahn, Jr.	





OW shall we build a school to teach men truth?

"With gold, and stone, and learned men and fame,"

The world has answered. But we watching youth,

Who love Sewanee's name,

Have seen another way. Defeated men,

Ruined in battle, war-worn, who might seem

Helpless, and who were penniless, lo! then

Dreamed out a mighty dream.

They dreamed great towers rising to the sky,

And had no stone to build. "Use souls," they said.

What are Sewanee's buildings? Go where lie

Our unremembered dead

And see the quarries whence our structure rose.

Part dream, part stone, the mighty fabric stands.

Lives outlast stone, and true dreams vouch that those

Stone towers built with hands

Shall last and grow. We need plan nothing new.

The gold has come at last. To us is said,

"Hush, and tread softly. The great dream comes true.

Change no plans of our dead."

An Irish Monk and a Christian University



THE monasteries of Scotland and Ireland, whose missionaries and teachers in the sixth and seventh centuries contributed so largely to the work of evangelizing the heathen of Saxon England, maintained a higher standard of scholarship than their European neighbors, and a knowledge of Greek and of Hellenic culture was cherished among the Irish-Scotch clergy long after it had disappeared from the continent.

The story of St. Columba who, when on a visit to his former friend and teacher St. Finian, surreptitiously copied a manuscript belonging to his host may well serve to illustrate the zeal for learning and the fame for scholarship which distinguished this ancient British Church.



When discovered in his literary theft by St. Finian, to whom the manuscript belonged, St. Columba refused to give up his hard-earned treasure, and not until he had instigated a war between the rival kings of Connaught and Diarmaid, and a council of Bishops and Abbots had adjudged him guilty, did this zealous Christian scholar bow to their decree, and crossing over to Scotland with twelve companions, founded the great monastery of Iona in 565 A. D.

The connection between this ancient foundation of learning and our own university is much closer than many of us realize. It was a true historic sense which prompted our Alumni, Mr. Silas McBee and Mr. John W. Wood, when traveling as the representatives of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in England and Scotland some years ago to request the dean and chapter of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Glasgow, to give to the University of the South, and to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, a piece of the marble slab which formed a part of the super-altar in the church at Iona. This precious relic is now in the possession of the University, and is carefully preserved in the iron safe in the Vice Chancellor's office.

When the new St. Augustine is built, which we sincerely hope will be at no distant time, this small piece of marble, about an inch square, will be placed in the super-altar of the university chapel, to remind us of the historic continuity of the American Church with the mother Church of England, and particularly of Scotland, from which has come down to us as a precious heritage that spirit of learning and love of study which has always been a distinguishing feature of Anglo-Saxon Christianity.

But while it is true to say that monasteries like Iona, under St. Columba; Lindisfarne, under St. Aidan; Jarrow, in the time of Bede, and Glastonbury, in the time of Dunstan, became the homes and nurseries of knowledge in the British Isles, yet the pursuit of learning was never of the essence of the monastic system, and a different organization was needed

for the promotion of higher education in England. So in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge grew up as lay corporations. No formal foundation can be shown for their origin. They did not owe their beginning to any acts of popes and kings, but to the spontaneous concourse of students and lecturers.

It is not surprising that this turbulent and widely representative body of earnest spirits gathered from all parts of the world and bent upon the pursuit of knowledge, should have early attracted the attention of the friars. Here was the church's opportunity, and she was not slow to take advantage of it. But fortunately for the cause of religious liberty and of higher education in England, the spirit which animated the mendicant orders of the later Middle Ages was not the spirit which had fostered learning in the British Isles in the time of St. Columba and St. Aidan.

Therefore if Oxford in the thirteenth century was not to become a mere adaptation and copy of the monastic idea, it was necessary that a different system of education should be inaugurated. Accordingly, in 1264, we find one Walter DeMerton, the real founder of the English College System, establishing within the precincts of the university "a great seminary for the education of the secular clergy." Among the provisions governing the discipline of his college, DeMerton forbade any of his scholars ever to take the monastic vows. He ordained that they should apply themselves to studying the liberal arts and philosophy before entering upon a course of theology, with a view to raising the standard of education among the clergy. Thus did this wise educator and public-spirited man lay the foundations of liberal education in England and determine the future constitution which both of the great English Universities were destined later to assume.

It does not lie within the scope of this paper to trace the successive changes through which the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have passed since the time when Henry VIII extorted from the scholars of Oxford a reluctant recognition of his divorce from Catherine of Aragon—through the stormy period of the civil wars, down to their present unprecedented efficiency and usefulness.

Suffice it to say that almost every great religious and political movement which has shaped the policy and guided the destiny of the British Empire has emanated from these great centers of Christian education. They have been the training ground of the English clergy for six centuries. They have stamped their mark upon the national church and upon the national character. They have been foremost in the work of public education and in the movement for religious liberty which resulted in the educational act of 1870. It was from Oxford that William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, whose picture is so familiar to every student at Sewanee, got his idea of applying the collegiate principle to the training of boys in the church schools of his diocese. With the revival of learning in the fifteenth century we find the universities of England the centers of that great religious and humanistic movement which culminated later in the Reformation. It was from Oxford that the Methodist revival in the eighteenth century took its rise. The "Tractarian Movement" of 1835, which has so profoundly influenced the church's life both in England and in this country, originated at Oxford and received its first impulse from those great scholars like Pusey, Keble and Newman, who were in attend-

ance upon the university at that time. The most important modification which the universities have undergone in the last thirty years is the abolition of religious tests, to which reference has already been made, which was adopted as a government measure and passed by the House of Lords in 1871. "This great concession to religious liberty," says Mr. Broderick in his delightful history of Oxford University, "was brought about by a persistent movement chiefly emanating from the universities themselves. Experience has not justified the fears of the opponents of the bill; neither the religious character nor the social peace of the university has been in the slightest degree impaired by the admission of nonconformists to its degrees and endowments." But if all official connection with the Church of England has been taken away except as regards the professors of the theological faculty and the obligation laid upon all colleges to attend the daily chapel services, it cannot be said that the influence of the church upon the universities has grown less, but rather greater. In ceasing to be clerical and aristocratic they have become national and democratic. Never have they exerted a wider educational and religious influence or been more deeply and strongly enthroned in the hearts of English-speaking people.

We would be blind to the lessons of the Christian centuries did we not realize that the American church can never be the church of the people until she becomes in this country what the Established Church is in England—the leader of the religious thought and life of the nation. She will never gain the ear of the greatest age in the history of the world for secondary and higher education until she leads in the work of education. She can never discharge the high office to which God has called her as leader and teacher until she has some institution of national and world-wide reputation from whence to teach and mold the thought of the nation and of the church. She will never be adequately or fully represented before the people of this country until she is presented to them through that which is distinctive of Anglo-Saxon Christianity from the beginning, a Christian university, dominated by the spirit of Christ, true to the great verities of the Christian faith, and welcoming every forward advance of science and reverent scholarship as a contribution to the cause of Christianity and Christian civilization in the world. We believe that Sewanee is fitted as no other church-college in this country to realize this ideal of a great Christian university. First, because she is situated in a section of country where she is not overshadowed and overtopped by older, larger and better equipped institutions, with all the advantages of prestige, tradition and wealth behind them. Second, because the boldness and originality of Bishop Polk's conception has forever set Sewanee free from the danger of undue diocesan control and from that narrow and partisan spirit which has often marred the work of Christian education in this country. With a Board of Trustees so broadly representative of men of all schools of churchmanship, it is not likely that the liberty of the university will ever be circumscribed or the freedom of the chair infringed. Now as never before in her history she is ready to enlarge the borders of her tent, to lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes. The era of expansion and progress has come. She has the spirit of self-sacrifice, the atmosphere of culture, the breadth of outlook and fearlessness in the pursuit of truth so essential to the building up of a great university. We prophesy for her a future of ever-growing usefulness and importance in the life of the church and of the nation.

The Genesis of the Cap and Gown



HERE was a time in prehistoric ages when there was no CAP AND GOWN. That was in the days when festive Ichthyosauri roamed peacefully over the mountain and breathed silurian dust from the geologic past and the mountain railroad. In those days there was peace. No uproarious Theologues ever incarnadined the chapel fence after its annual whitewashing with dismal jokes on the faculty. No truculent editors ever ran tilts against the established order of things.

It is written in the hieratic inscriptions that the CAP AND GOWN succeeded a cuneiform journal known as *The University Record*. Exploring parties have claimed recently to have exhumed some of these antiquated records, but their discoveries have not yet been given to the public. Perhaps we may expect that the Registrar will present a report concerning them, embellished with runic annotations, when the arduous duties of his office allow him sufficient leisure.

However that may be the CAP AND GOWN made its debut in the Trinity term of 1880 in the modest form of a four-page monthly journal. Under the exhilarating influence of mountain ozone it trebled its proportions in the short space of six months. Its progress was not always as smooth as the promise of its vigorous youth implied, and there were times when the genius of a Gladstone and the persistence of a Sewanee alumni agent seemed necessary to fill its depleted treasury and appease the wrath of aggrieved subscribers.

Notwithstanding all difficulties it survived and remained for five years a journal devoted to literature, science, art and baseball. There were editors in those days who were willing to edit anything from a university catalogue to a calendar of Mexican saints, and accordingly in 1885 (A. U. C. 25, A. H. Dashiell and W. H. McKellar being editors-in-chief), the proposition was made that an anniversary number of the CAP AND GOWN be issued. The editorial staff scarcely anticipated the woe and tribulation which awaited them, but gaily assumed the onerous task. Alas! in the months to come they retired from their posts sadder and wiser from the experience. The dyspeptic gownsman and melancholy cadet, whose pictures adorn the anniversary number of 1885, are pathetically reminiscent of editorial trials.

The main features then adopted are those which have since been perpetuated. The place of honor was given to fraternity plates, accompanied by articles on the various chapters, written with that ingenuous self-complacency which distinguishes the true Sewanee undergraduate. Then followed the "write up" of everything connected with the students of the university, making the anniversary number in some sense an exponent of the undergraduate life

at Sewanee. The CAP AND GOWN was, in fact, the organ of the students, edited and maintained by the two literary societies, Sigma Epsilon and Pi Omega, and intended to represent the opinions, interests and occupations of Sewanee men.

This anniversary CAP AND GOWN was the earliest attempt in this department of collegiate journalism in the South. Modest in its proportions and unpretending in its attire, it was the precursor of the splendid Annuals now issued from the presses of various Southern institutions. Little did its projectors dream that their humble attempt would so soon develop into the handsome volumes of the present day. They would not be human did they repress a certain feeling of pride, a Jack Horner sense of *ecce quam bonum*, as they greet each new and gorgeous volume that appears. They are, however, unwilling to risk their earlier laurels by any fresh attempts. Therefore, with a pleistocene *salaam* and a paleozoic smile, they doff their caps and turn their gowns over to a younger generation.



Morgan's Steep

The mountain's edge is an altar of stone,
So grey and columned and grand;
With garlands of green and lichens o'ergrown,
With fringes of purple and gold.

The trees, far below in priestly array,
Bring their ephods of scarlet sheen,
And far beyond, in the valley away,
Is the purple and amethyst land.

The sun, in the ocean of jasper hue,
Sinks grandly away in the West;
And o'er it all is the great, calm blue,
Foretelling the infinite rest.

The twilight is 'round in sweet, solemn mien,
The flowers are folded in prayer;
The song-birds are hushed in dark depths of green,
And a star keeps lone vigil there.

M. H. W.

A Retrospect

WITH age naturally comes reminiscence, and, looking around at the improvements going on both in the village and the University grounds, one's thoughts turn backward to the plans and hopes of those who labored here in the years immediately preceding the war. And laying aside for the moment things of utility and remembering their high faith and the pure ideals for which they labored, we should ask ourselves in all seriousness, Do we keep up that high standard of honor, of scholarship, of religion which they expected to have upheld? Sewanee is as a city set on a hill, and we should guard our heritage and be as a beacon light to the South, and a guiding star to the Church.

I recall that in 1859 the Board of Trustees invited Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, a man of learning, and most varied accomplishments, among other things having a practical knowledge of landscape gardening and architecture, to visit Sewanee with Bishops Polk and Elliott and give some suggestions for the general plan of the grounds and buildings, for the Bishops were looking forward hopefully to laying the corner-stone of the central building of the University during the following year, which was accomplished October 10, 1860. Bishop Hopkins accepted the invitation extended to him, and joined his brother Bishops at Sewanee in December, 1859. He was charmed with the plateau, where he said, "Nature had done her best to make things beautiful with her gentle slopes, rugged cliffs, and extensive views." The Bishop made a general sketch for work, and gave many valuable suggestions, but it is needless to tell Sewaneeites of to-day that the Hopkins plan was never developed, for where "Nature had done her best"—surely post-bellum art did its worst, and it has taken thirty-three years to get anything like a campus or sightly grounds, and then only by a special gift of a generous well-wisher who loves the beautiful and seemly.

A few months after the visit of Bishop Hopkins to Sewanee, the Trustees engaged the services of a first-class engineer, Colonel Joshua Barney, of Maryland, who had retired from the United States Army, and was known to Bishop Polk in his West Point days. Colonel Barney was a gentleman of the old school, genial, courteous, and lovable. He thoroughly enjoyed his quiet life. He was very enthusiastic about the place, and proved himself all that had been prophesied of him by Bishop Polk. Some of his work done on the domain, although only temporary, is to be found now, and if we had only had another Colonel Barney in 1870, how different the present aspect of things would be. On the road known as the old Curleyqueue, cut out roughly by Dr. Elliott some

years ago, a part of the original Corso could still be traced. This was the contemplated road planned by Colonel Barney to environ the whole domain, running along the cliffs and winding up and down the ravines, and giving glimpses of all the most beautiful views. It was a wonderful piece of engineering, and here and there we have remains of this ancient scheme which would have made the place unique and charming. Let us continue to hope for a revival of the old ideas. I wish it were possible to make people understand the delights of Sewanee when it consisted of four houses, a log cabin, and a corner-stone! The Sewanee Spirit was born then and there, and survived all the strife and turmoil of the four years' war, and those who lived here in 1860 never forgot the charms of the forest, the springs, the views, the cliffs, and above all the delightful invigorating climate, and in 1870 they turned their longing hearts hitherward with joy, to find ten houses, a chapel, but no corner-stone. This last had succumbed to the fortunes of war, having been blown to pieces by Buell's army in 1864. But the real corner-stone had been too deeply laid in the hearts of hundreds for the scheme to fail, and there gathered here a chosen few who could, and who did, keep alive the flame once lighted by faithful hearts and true.

In the past few months, thanks to a small appropriation, the campus surrounding Saint Luke's and Hoffman has been greatly enhanced in beauty. Now, it needs that the environs in the rear of the E. Q. B. Clubrooms should be transformed and the dangerous passages of Gailor's Gulch made straight. But if all things come to him who waits, and if every cloud has a silver lining, then verily our fortune is at the threshold of an early to-morrow.



I set my foot on a broad domain—
Where skies are blue and mind is sane—
 Where science and faith in harmony blend—
 Where truth is sacred, and God is friend—
Where every quivering leaf of oak
Fond memory whispers of Otey and Polk—
 Quintard and Hodgson—Gregg and Green—
 Whose child of faith in beauty is seen—
What haven of learning, is this? I cried,
The student with Cap and Gown replied,
 " 'Tis Sewanee."

A Summer Idyll

THE Summer Girl, the Sewanee Summer Girl! What memories does she bring back to me of the days of my callow youth! Was I ever smitten by one of them? If you had ever been to Sewanee, Sewanee of the Bubbling Spring, of the rocky crag and sylvan dell, you would not ask such a question. Who could, in the leafy month of June, avoid falling in love in such a place, where all nature seems sentient and pulsating with love? Yet to tell the truth, I believe I would have passed unscathed but for the arrival at Sewanee in '98 of Miss Varden from Carolina.

Like all Sewanee students, I felt it my bounden duty as soon as I got a gown to lay siege to a petticoat, but try as I would I could get up no enthusiasm. I rushed first one and then another, with no more serious result than a lowering of my financial standing.

I was pluming myself upon being proof against the charms of these heart kidnappers, and had even gotten off a wretched pun, saying "some are girls, and some are not." One day as I was sitting on the ledge of a rock near Green's View, gazing at the lovely panorama spread out before my eyes, with the notes of the brown thrush, sweetest of all the songsters that dwell in the deep recesses of the forest, ringing in my ears, holding a copy of Catullus in my hands, turning the leaves in a listless way, I was suddenly attracted by the following lines:

"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit,
Quique amavit, cras amet."

Just then I heard the rustle of a skirt, and looking hurriedly up my eyes were greeted by a vision of loveliness never to be forgotten. She was tall, and of such a lithe and graceful figure that no word save "*divine*" is an adequate description. Her cheeks were flushed from walking, and long tresses of rich chestnut hair played about her dainty shoulders in pretty confusion. Her large, languishing eyes, hazel in color, took on a frightened expression as she hastily stepped back with an exclamation of surprise upon seeing me.

"Oh!" she ejaculated, "I thought you were one of those horrid moonshiners I read so much about, but I see by your book that you are a student, and I am so glad, as you can show me the way home. I've lost my way, you know, and have been following roads that lead to nowhere for the last hour."

So confused was I that I could scarce find words to express my willingness, nay eagerness, to escort her home. At first she demurred, saying she was unwilling to put me to so much trouble, but, as I persisted, she yielded at length, her cheeks mantling with blushes. After a short—far, far too short—and pleasant walk, we found ourselves at the gate of her residence. As I turned to go she laid a little trembling hand on my arm, saying:

"Oh, I thank you so much for the great service you have rendered me, and hope you will soon call."

That night I thought of nothing but her. I threw my books aside in despair; who could study when that lovely face haunted each line? I could find no pleasure in the talk of other people. I could do nothing but think, think, think, and every thought was of her. It was clearly a case of love at first sight. I had indeed received a solar plexus blow.

Upon inquiry I found my fair charmer to be Miss Lydia Varden, a descendant of one of those Huguenots who fled from blood-stained France to the more hospitable shores of South Carolina. I could scarcely wait for evening to come so impatient was I to call. Full two hours before the time I began arranging my *toilette*, and never before did I experience such trouble with my wardrobe. Nothing seemed to suit me. The collars were either too glossy or not glossy enough, and the shirts were not quite stylish enough. I could not get my waistcoat to hang straight, try as I would, and the crease in my trousers was actually a sixteenth of an inch out of position. I wondered how I could have ever gotten such outlandish clothes.

Very much flurried I felt when I presented myself at Miss Varden's door. I was trying to think of something pleasant to say, when the door was opened by herself. Of course every thought was knocked out of my head, and all I could do was to mutter something about being glad to see her, and hoping I was not intruding.

"Oh, you don't know how glad I am to see you, Mr. Selden, you see I have already found out your name. Just come right in."

My first call was short as I was ill at ease, and too nervous and awkward to carry on the conversation. So, after a few remarks about its being a nice day to-day and the probabilities of its being a nice day to-morrow, I took my leave, and walked my room half the night trying to compose a sonnet to Lydia, and fell asleep repeating to myself the well known verses of Horace:

"Lydia, dic, per omnes
Te deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
Perdere. —"

My next calls were of the good old Sewanee type in length, about three hours. Then started a rush which baffles description. I sent her notes in the morning and accompanied the messenger to see that they were properly delivered. I took her driving or walking in the evening and escorted her to dances at night. I saw her at least six hours a day. I even entertained serious notions of camping on her lawn. People began to notice how affairs stood between us, and whenever a fellow-worker in the knowledge factory saw me he would slowly and gravely describe a circle with his fore finger, and with his mouth make a hissing sound, imitating a rocket. It was an impressive sight to see twenty or thirty thus engaged.

One day she and I took a walk together. I had nerved myself to know my fate, and with this object in view had rehearsed my speech for two weeks. No one, I thought, could resist that proposal. I was not mistaken, for in a few

moments she stopped chewing her fan and leaned on my shoulder murmuring something about its being very sudden. You can judge my happiness. I felt like saying with Monte Cristo, "The world is mine."

We agreed to keep our engagement secret. I was to call three times a week, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. "Because," she said, "It would not be proper for you to be with me all the time." She played her part to perfection; a little too perfectly for my happiness. I was so happy only in her company I could not see what pleasure she took in flirting so outrageously. I remonstrated, but she laughingly told me to remember our agreement.

I was one day making a confidant of Jack Merivel, he was the only person on the mountain to whom I had not yet told my secret, when he suddenly burst out laughing and remarked in the vernacular, "there are others." Of course I was indignant. What did he mean by such a remark? Did he dare to insinuate that my Lydia was false? If he did it was an infernal lie, that's all. No one could keep us apart. I would wed her in spite of the world.

When I had cooled down somewhat Jack explained what he meant. It seems that she received Frank Littleton the nights I did not call. Jack said moreover, that I had acquired the sobriquet of M. W. F., and Frank that of T. T. S. I was in a towering passion. I paced up and down the room with rapid strides, ever and anon uttering some fierce invective against women in general. I would know the truth from her lips, I would, and if these rumors were true I would break with her. I would have nothing to do with a woman who ate my ice cream, all the while laughing at me in her sleeve. But could these rumors be true, I reflected? Perhaps it was only a hoax gotten up by a few jealous rivals. If it were, then woe betide the instigators, for there would be a day of reckoning, and better had they never been born if I found they had besmirched her character. To-morrow I would know the truth.

We were at Point Disappointment when I broached the subject. "Lydia," I said, "I have heard that you are playing fast and loose with me. I have been told that you wear my ring on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, while Frank Littleton's graces your finger on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Now I cannot and I will not stand this sort of thing. No self-respecting man would. You have either—"

Here she interrupted me with: "Oh, your highness is very kind and considerate to give me my orders, but I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am no man's slave, much less a chit of a student's who never will graduate, and I can do what I wish. If I like Mr. Littleton that's my affair and not yours."

"Very well," I replied, "I hope I will never see you again. Our engagement is at an end. We will henceforth be utter strangers to each other."

"Oh, you are very kind, I am sure. Here is your ring, you may need it again this summer."

The agony I suffered that night no pen can describe. All night long I tossed, racked by despair and remorse. I knew I had been rash, had spoken without thinking. I was entirely to blame. Why should I expect her to be a mere puppet to do my bidding? Was she not a rational being like myself, and did she not have a right to do what she wished? She would not have spoken so sarcastically had I not been rude to her. Perhaps I had spoiled two lives. But no, here was yet time to repair the damage. I would hasten to her the next day and on bended knee beg her pardon.

To add to my self-crimination and her consequent exoneration in the high court of my affections, while walking through the chapel yard the next morning I picked up a design of some kind in Sewanee colors. "Lost at last night's german," I reflected. I was startled, on looking a bit closer, to see my likeness staring back at me out of the design, but a second later exulted to find engraved on a silver buckle the initials "L. V." This was a great acquisition. I began to gloat. I was sure now of my quarry, and bided my time. Of the nature of the design, more anon.

That evening I called, craving to see her if only for a moment; and in a few minutes I heard her tripping down the stairs. How I loved her! As she entered she glanced in the mirror, at the same time arranging a roguish curl which had escaped from its fellows. What would women do without mirrors? I don't doubt at all but what they invoke blessings on the man who originated them just as we do upon Cadmus or whoever it was that invented writing.

"Lydia," I began, "I've been thinking the matter over, and I am forced to the conclusion that I made an ass of myself yesterday." She smiled indulgently. "You must realize how wofully jealousy stung me. Won't you pardon a penitent sinner?" I was going on, but she interposed.

"Why, Mr. Selden, everything's ended. You said so yourself. What's the use in beginning the thing all over?" She spoke without any appearance of feeling. But I knew she was jesting.

I said: "Lydia, this is no joking matter."

"Who told you so?" she asked.

And then I brought out my trump card which I had providentially come across in the chapel yard. I was so elated that it was most difficult to restrain my feelings. It was a purple garter. Beneath the clasp were engraved her initials, and over it, enwreathed by a garland, was a little cameo of myself.

"That told me so!" In my exultation I almost shouted.

"Oh, oh, I see," she said. "Well, I thought that you'd be the very identical fool to find that; I thought it the instant I discovered my loss, so I've brought its mate with me. Want to see it? Here it is. And I ask again, who told you so?"

I took the mate and looked. I was dumbfounded. The purple circlet which she handed me was in every detail exactly the counterpart of the one I had found, except, except—why, except, my friend, that the face on the other clasp was that of Frank Littleton.

"Do you still think I was joking?" She swept breezily out of the room, not forgetting to take a long, self-satisfied look at her fair false face in the mirror. And I,

"I felt like one that treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but him departed."

Protoplasm

*Hymen's torch lies extinguished, his altar overturned, marriage is a godless rite.
Two soulless organisms experience an impulsive affinity.*

CIVIL OFFICER (*not priest*): "Wilt thou have this anthropoid to be thy coördinate; wilt thou love her with thy nerve centers, wilt thou cherish her with thy whole cellular tissue, until some final molecular disturbance shall resolve its elements into its primitive atoms?"

PROF. HOXEY: "Biological deviation seeks to be unified."

CIVIL OFFICER: "Wilt thou have this definite development of particles to be thy correlative; wilt thou respect his wishes with the gray granules of thy cerebrum; wilt thou honor him with the whole potentiality of thy individual entity; wilt thou prefer him to all other combinations of atoms until the present differentiation of homogeneity is, by some perturbation of structural cells, transformed into its original heterogeneity?"

MRS. HOXEY TO-BE: "Nerve force emanating from the sensoria ganglia of my cerebrum in its current sets toward Professor Hoxey."

CIVIL OFFICER: "Forasmuch as these two organisms are fitly conjoined, and have made acknowledgment before me that differentiation of their separate entities is no longer existent, by reason of this eventuation I pronounce their liberty to reside henceforth in the same tree until the final hour when their organizations shall be disorganized by the cessation of that functional activity, the operation of that inexplicable vital force, which we have learned to recognize as life.

"Amid green boughs, the infinite azure domed above you, may you climb to still higher arches until nothingness shall represent you, *non est*."

RUBÁIYÁT OF THE MOUNTAIN

INTRODUCTORY NOTE: These beautiful and recently discovered Rubáiyát are of intense interest to scholars, as they are now generally conceded to have been the work of Omar Khayyám, the great astronomer-poet of Persia. They are, I think, in many respects more worthy of unqualified admiration than are the earlier quatrains so successfully translated by Mr. Fitzgerald, as they represent a more mature thought and certainly contain more of that essential of great poetry so aptly expressed by a certain professor of junior English literature—profound thought profoundly expressed.

The meaning of these Rubáiyát is not always clear, although they are generally marked by a very charming simple directness. For example the line—

"And every Junior has at least ten toes"

has been subject to more than one interpretation, some preferring to consider it a mere statement of fact, and others giving it a more esoteric meaning. It is universally conceded that the most remarkable lines are those reading—

"And by and by my soul returned to me,
And brought a scholarship, and said, 'Play ball!'"

However, even apart from any hidden meaning the old tent-maker had in mind, the exquisite beauty of these quatrains cannot be questioned. The very inner self of the writer is frankly set forth, and I cannot but feel that a careful study of these wonderful verses must stimulate every searcher after truth.

I



WAKE! For the chimes must scatter into flight
The dreams you wooed through all the blissful night;
Or else your roommate comes, and gleefully
Pulls off the cover in a wild delight.

II

Before the phantom of that dreaming died,
Methought a voice within the chamber cried:
"When all is ready and the string is tied,
Why nods the drowsy theologian outside?"

III

Proctors indeed are gone with all their woes,
And every danger with them, goodness knows;
Yet still a dumb-bell dangles up and down,
And every Junior has at least ten toes.

IV

Well! Let them have them! What have we to do
With the anatomy of Juniors, me and you?
Let reverend Gownsmen play what pranks they will—
For some day I shall be a Gownsmen, too.

V

Myself, when young, did anxiously frequent
Doctor and sage, and heard great argument
Of Latin, physics, Greek—but evermore
Came out more puzzled than when in I went.

VI

With them the seed of wisdom did I sow,
And sat up nights to watch the blamed thing grow;
But this was all the harvest that I reaped:
The things they asked were those I did not know.

VII

Strange, is it not, that of the hundreds who
Before us waded these same papers through,
Not one has had the sense to put us next
To all the questions we must answer, too?

VIII

I sometimes think in mute and baffled rage
What thoughts these same professors must engage;
And how I could have knocked that Latin cold,
Had he but chosen any other page!

IX

Whether at Hoffman's or St. Luke's 'tis done,
Whether the beer in brown or amber run,
While froth of hope keeps foaming, drop by drop,
Our best resolves are broken one by one.

X

Ward's English poets underneath the bough;
A pencil; seven note books, and a cow
Lowing beyond there in the wilderness,
And you asleep—there's Paradise enow!

XI

The perfect three men set their hearts upon
Lives but a very little while; anon
Conviction makes it dwindle to a two,
Or, when the marks are up, more often, one.

XII

Oh think not we are shaped like a V. C.,
To know most everything from A to Z;
We cannot make the rules and break them, too,
Or drown our sorrows at the E. Q. B.

XIII

Come! Drink the dope, or go to Bubbling Spring,
And there indulge the mid-nocturnal fling;
For Winchester is but a few miles off,
And credit is a most delightful thing.

XIV

I sent my soul over to Fulford Hall,
To pay the V. C. an informal call;
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And brought a scholarship, and said: "Play ball!"

XV

Indeed, the many classes that I chose
Have kept me out of the gymnasium shows;
How foolish to have boned till 3 A.M.,
And sold a half-back's place for Latin prose!

XVI

As then the postulant his morning glass
Of lemon soda quaffs and trips to class,
Do you go gaily to the football field—
A touchdown often helps a man to pass.

XVII

These two and seventy volumes let them go
And help to pay the stupid bills I owe;
Can metaphysics show one how to buck,
Or logic teach one how to tackle low?

XVIII

So when that angel of the dread M. A.
At last shall come to your Commencement Day,
And when "Placet-ne?" thunders over you,
"Placet!" shall every learned doctor say.

XIX

Yon summer girl who listens to the chime—
She seems so lonely—really, it's a crime!—
Where in the world's my hat?—perhaps I'd best
Postpone these musings till some other time!

TAMAN.

A Syrian and a Sending

THE most important parts of history have never been written and never will be written. Who, for instance, would undertake to tell the inner truth of the Spanish war? There are details of Sewanee history that will only be told in confidence, with names and dates changed. Such a story would be the real truth of Summers' expulsion in the middle '90's—there are those who understand—and the history of the quarrel that nearly disrupted one of the fraternities a few years afterward. The main facts of both matters are known to some of the gownsmen of those years; the full truth is possessed by few, who rarely disclose it.

Less tragic would be the account of how the secret order was founded whose colors are *or* and flame—though there were elements of tragedy even in that, as well as in the history of the last few months of the Anchovies. But these things could not be told without betraying confidences. The effects of disclosure might be serious, because certain of the powers above were implicated, even —. Well, that does not matter. The following history would have been kept secret if a publication of the facts could damage any one now living. That possibility has recently been removed.

A Syrian came from the city of Samaria to St. Luke's, "to study for the ministry." The guileless Dean admitted him. Some of the students welcomed him, thinking his coming a happy omen of the conversion of the Holy Land. The Syrian talked earnestly of his benighted countrymen, showed an eager thirst for theological knowledge, painted the delight of the dwellers in Samaria when he should be able to carry the gospel to them, and hinted more or less broadly at a fund to be raised in aid of missionary work in Palestine. He made a fervid address to the Missionary Society, and allowed his enthusiasm to hope for a Christian Zionist movement that would redeem the Holy Land from the sway of Islam.

One or two were openly skeptical, but the others seemed deeply impressed. Thorpe and Craighead went so far as to organize a "Zion Missionary Society," and spoke of offering themselves for work in Palestine. This was commonly regarded by the others as effervescent enthusiasm. After a time the Zion Missionary Society languished. But those who roomed near the Syrian noticed that many meetings were still held there, generally late at night.

One night at twelve o'clock, or thereabouts, Grimshaw and Douglas came from St. Luke's over to my room. Grimshaw put my hat on my head and took hold of one arm, while Douglas seized the other. They marched me down the stairs cautioning me to make no noise. We avoided the gravel, and went silently toward Green's View. When we reached the University Circle Grimshaw said, "We can smoke now." We lighted up and went on. I had said nothing, being familiar with the ways of these two fellows. At Green's View we sat on the log, and Grimshaw said:

"Did you ever kill a man?"

"No."

"Would you?"

I wondered if I would. I did not answer. I filled my pipe.

Douglas said: "It's got to be done."

"Why?" I said.

"The Syrian," said Grimshaw.

"It's true then?" I asked.

Grimshaw nodded.

"How far has it gone?" I inquired.

"Thorpe, Craighead—"

These did not surprise me. He mentioned another, and another. I dropped my pipe.

"I should not have thought so," I said.

"You see!" said Douglas.

"How did he get them?" I asked.

"Hypnotism and hasheesh," said Grimshaw. "He is not a Samaritan. He is from India. He is an adept, a Yogi, ———!"

No one had ever heard an oath from Grimshaw before.

"What does he want to do with them?" I asked.

"Do you know what it means to be a hasheesh eater?" said Grimshaw fiercely.

I knew. I had seen opium eaters.

"That is not the worst," said he. "Look. I found this in his room."

He pulled something from his pocket. I lit a match. It was a bit of stone, curiously carved. In the dark strange flashes came from it. I did not understand.

"It is a Bhol stone," he said, "the amulet of a priest among the Devil worshippers. I had some dealings with them in India."

"Well," I said, "but"—

"They have a horrible power of hypnotism. If they once get a man under their influence, they make a devil out of him—literally. They begin by giving hasheesh. The Syrian puts it into the tobacco he gives them to smoke."

Then he told us some other things, which it would not be well to put into print.

"Grimshaw," I said, "your fears are overdrawn."

He replied, with strong emotion, "My brother went to India as a missionary. He went among this sect to convert them. He murdered his wife and child a year afterward."

"I saw Thorpe take a live frog," said Douglas, after a long pause, "and put a knife-blade into its eyes. That was this afternoon."

We were silent for a time.

"If we kill the Syrian," said I, "we will all be hanged."

"It need not be known that we did it," said Grimshaw.

I shook my head—there was a better way. We arranged our plans and went home.

On the next night we went to the Syrian's room. His eye brightened as we entered. We had previously avoided him. He greeted us gravely, but with a fine courtesy. We talked at random for some time. Then Grimshaw asked some question about Theosophy. He answered briefly, but presently allowed himself to be drawn out. He spoke more rapidly. The beauty of his thought and language fascinated me, and I began to feel myself drawn under his influence. Suddenly he rose, and taking from the mantel a tobacco-jar—a grewsome thing of ivory, carved as a leering skull with a snake writhing through the eye-sockets—he asked us to try the "Rajah brand." I would have accepted, but Grimshaw warped me with a look, and offered his Egyptian cigarettes.

I said to the Syrian: "You will let me try your tobacco later, won't you? I have a weakness for Grimshaw's cigarettes. And let's take a walk. We can continue the conversation. We three fellows have thrashed out many a problem under the stars."

We went to Morgan's Steep, and then beyond, toward Clara's Point. Grimshaw led—he knew all the paths blind-fold. The Syrian became eloquent, as we went. We encouraged him to talk, asking questions that drew him out. At the Point we stopped, and stood, the Syrian continuing his oration. We could see his eyes flash in the starlight. He gesticulated with his left hand, but as always during the evening, he kept his right hand in his pocket. He was developing the idea of transmigration. His tones rose. He lifted his left hand toward the sky, then extending his right, made a sweeping gesture with both hands, intending to express all-embracing inclusiveness. It was his one mistake. Douglas and I seized both arms, brought them together behind him, and in a moment had him helpless. Grimshaw gagged him. Then he lit a dark lantern, and turned it on the prisoner. We took the dagger from his pocket, handling it with great care, by Grimshaw's suggestion. Then we watched him in silence. He regarded Grimshaw steadily, with an inquiring expression. There was no fear in his face. Grimshaw gave me the lantern, bared his right arm, and showed the Syrian a tattooed mark—three interlacing circles with a cabalistic character in the center. Then he pulled from his pocket the talisman he had shown us, and held it before the Syrian's face, in the light of the lantern.

"Do you understand?" said he. The Syrian nodded.

"In India," said he, "we would burn you."

The Syrian nodded again, quietly.

"We will not kill you;" continued Grimshaw, "it is not permitted."

A gleam of humor came into the Syrian's eyes.

"Won't you sit down?" said Grimshaw. "We have a few moments to wait."

As soon as the moon rose we took him down to the Devil's Hole. Douglas and I took a rope concealed there for

this purpose, and fastened it around him under the arms. Then we led him to the edge. Grimshaw passed the free end of the rope around a tree, and stood at the edge, ready to pay out as Douglas and I lowered.

Then he said to him:

"Of course you are a match for the three of us, so long as you are strong and free and fed. But after you have been down here for a day or two, we will be stronger than you. Then there will be a sending." Here he said something in a tongue unknown to Douglas and me. "As soon as your victims come to themselves, we will let down a rope to you. It will not be possible for you to climb up."

Then we let him down, and threw the rope after him. We piled branches over the mouth of the hole. It was not possible for him to make himself heard on the cliff above, even when he had removed the gag, but it was well to make sure.

Grimshaw had warned us that the struggle would begin as soon as the Syrian felt himself safe on the rock at the bottom. So long as he was bodily in our power he would refrain, lest we should kill him, but when he should be out of our reach then his attempt would be to overthrow the poise of our minds; in other words, to bring about a discoordination of our reasoning faculties and our wills. This he would attempt to do to us singly. If he could accomplish it we would of course be at the mercy of his suggestions. Our defense would be a united resistance. We had carefully planned our course so that he must overcome us before he could exercise his power in any other direction.

There was some delay after we had lowered him, probably while he was freeing himself from the rope that held his hands and from the gag. Grimshaw said that freedom from restraint was necessary to the fullest exercise of psychic power. The delay we utilized in piling the branches, and in getting as far as possible toward home. The struggle began when we had gone about half-way. The Syrian was cunning. Doubts came into my mind. I began to wonder if we had not done murder. Terror came over me. I halted, and said to the others, gasping, "We bear the mark of Cain." Then I saw apparitions—strange forms with burning eyes. I shrieked hysterically.

Grimshaw said to Douglas, quickly, "All your self-control, now." He took my hand and looked into my eyes steadily for a moment. Then he said, "We are fighting him for the souls of our friends. If we lose, our own souls also are lost." I came to myself again. Grimshaw said, "We have won in the first struggle. Now, there must be no intermission until the end."

Well was it for us that we had upset the Syrian's self-control by arousing the worst passions of his nature, and well that we were upheld by the consciousness of higher motives. The Syrian was skilled in his arts, but since he turned his power to baser ends it wrought his own undoing. But for a strong realization of this, I doubt that we could have endured. To others we seemed walking in a dream from that time forth, but in us every single power of our personalities was in most intense activity. We kept together. We did not sleep. We went to classes and to meals, but not for one instant did our wills waver, nor did his. For one day we were equal. Then it was as if he began to retreat

before us, fighting. We fought him back, back, through a thousand years. At length, early in the morning of the second day, something snapped. We knew we had won.

Grimshaw reached for a pipe—we had not smoked during the struggle; Douglas fell back like a log on the bed where he had been sitting; I laid my head on my arms and sobbed as if my heart would break. We went to bed presently and slept until afternoon, then we went to get the Syrian. Grimshaw led us, not to the Devil's Hole, but to the upper opening of Wet Cave. A hundred feet inside the mouth we found him, crouching in a heap. We brought him out. His hair was white, his face was full of wrinkles, and the fire was gone from his eyes. There were no signs about his clothing to show that he had struck against the rocks, but his coat was torn about the shoulders. When we removed his clothing to examine his body we saw no bruises, save on his shoulders. There were to be seen marks as of hands grasping him from behind, and two deep bruises where the thumbs would have pressed just over the shoulder blades. Now, we had held him by his arms, and never put hands on his shoulders at all. We got him to his room without attracting attention. He left on the early train next morning. By our orders he wrote from Nashville to ask for some books that he had loaned. He was never heard of again. There was comment and surprise at his two days' absence and his sudden departure. The four men, however, whom he had almost made his victims, took little interest, nor did they ever speak of him again except with a mild curiosity.

We learned many things from this experience. One of them was that there is a subterranean passage between the Devils' Hole and Wet Cave, a rumor of which we had heard before. But we were never able to learn the cause of those finger marks on the Syrian's shoulders. He met something with hands in the cave, and it struggled with him and overcame him. If there were any truth in the books of the mystics we could almost have believed that our united concentration and struggle had done more than beat down the resistance of his mind; that it had embodied itself in what the old Norsemen used to call a "scin-lucas," a "sending," and had overpowered him. After all, if such things can be done why should not the Norse blood do them better than the Hindu? At least, he was a broken man, and something had conquered him, mind and body, in the cave.

The Rime of the Ancient 'Lumnus Man

(WITH APOLOGIES TO WHOEVER DEMANDS THEM)

1

It is an ancient 'lumnus man,
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy trim beard and paunch rotund,
Now, wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

2

The chimes e'en now do strike the hour,
The class doth hie them in;
From foot and hand and lusty lung
May'st hear th' scholastic din.

3

The stern professor sits enthroned,
His brow doth bulge with thoughts."
The gownsman saw his flunk and groaned;
He knew the awful Nauts.

4

Naught recked the 'lumnus of his plight,
By his button him grasped he,
The illstarred gownsman could but hear.
They twain sat 'neath the tree.

5

Time, space, eternity would fail
To tell the rush of lore
That from that 'lumnus' lips did gush,
As water down Lodore.

6

He told of S'wanee's pristine fame,
How ne'er a game lost she,
In base—and foot—and eke high—ball,
'Twas ever victor-ee.

7

That gownsman prest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon,
Played by a Prof. up in Walsh;
Alack, he knew the tune.

8

That 'Lumnus told how trainers then
No disobedience met
From player bold or substitute
In glass or cigarette.

9

How Theologues, of olden time,
Devout were, to a man;
The Grammar school, a lamblake brood;
The Meds., all spick and span.

10

He told how summer maidens then
Were ever fair, sedate,
Nor angled for the Willie Boy
As fisher-man with bait.

11

He told—what told he not, this wild,
This fearsome liar of the past?
His victim is a three year's child,
As in a swoond held fast.

12

Oh sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole,
'Twas all now kept our gownsman sane
By ancient bore beset amain.
It slid into his soul.

13

He sat him up; the joyous bore,
Who still doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and with his song
His eyes went to and fro.

14

That 'lumnus man, with paunch rotund,
By barber shav'n and shorn,
Is gone; the gownsman went like one
That is of sense forlorn.

15

No moral here do we append;
Its moral hath each stave.
Art stately gownsman? Heaven forefend
Thou meet, or ere thy lecture end,
An Ancient 'Lumnus Brave!

Heimweh

YEAR before last I was transferred as clerk to the General Hospital and, to my surprise, I found in the office of the Surgeon-General a young woman occupying the position of secretary to the chief. This was unusual, because women clerks are not tolerated, as a rule, on government reservations.

Being a bachelor and not used to women and their ways this girl interested me as a type and, through her, two cases of acute nostalgia came under my observation. The lady herself had one case, and she cured the other.

Miss Girard's position in the hospital was explained when the General told me that she was in his private employ. They did much literary work together, he dictating and she taking notes capably in shorthand and then reeling off pages of copy with a typewriter.

Beyond a pleasant "Good-morning" each day, I got no attention. Señor Billy Buster, the office cat, was an easy second to the General and as Miss Girard was business-like it was some time before I discovered that she had any thought beyond the General, his work and his cat. She received a small paper each week called *The Purple*, which was devoured with breathless interest. This attracted my attention, and I noticed that as fall approached she evinced an inordinate interest in football (a most brutal game, in my estimation), and she would talk quite intelligently on the subject with the second in command.

The day before Thanksgiving Señor Billy Buster, who was a sort of minister plenipotentiary, appeared with a violet bow at his neck and a little one on his tail. He was haughty with me because of his adornments, but purred like a coffee-mill when the General came in and, as the latter got rid of his overcoat, Billy described a figure eight in and out between the surgeon's legs and put a crescendo on the coffee-grinding business. The General looked down, smiled at Buster and then over at Miss Girard and made this remark: "Well, if Sewanee is uppermost in your thoughts to-day, that article on mental diseases must wait, you have holiday."

Now, who, what or where is or was Sewanee? Without delay Miss Girard flipped her carbon copies out of the typewriter, set her notes in order, straightened every article on the General's desk, put matches and cigars where he could see them, and then arranged her own desk with a fresh lot of *lilac* blotters, put on her hat and was gone.

The next afternoon she went to a football game with a nice looking man. I know this because I was at the game myself and was amazed at my own interest. Miss Girard's was just as great, and as she swept by me on the way to the

exit, I heard her say to her escort: "If it could only have been Sewanee and Vanderbilt instead of Carlisle and Virginia how grand it would have been." She wore Carlisle's colors pinned on with a bunch of violets, the size of which made my economical soul shudder.

Towards spring I was getting very tired of wondering about "Sewanee" and why the need of it seemed to make this girl's heart ache, and I noticed that whenever Señor B. Buster appeared in a purple bow, the General was kinder, if that were possible, to his secretary. This did not explain matters, so I made bold to ask him what was Sewanee. He said: "Oh! rather a remarkable place, I believe. Miss Girard's father lived and died there, he was my best friend." With this I had to be content.

The girl was certainly demented, her mania was purple. I hated to see so young and capable a girl laugh and talk to a cat and dress him and her desk up in purple—always purple.

One day early in May, during one of these conversations with Buster, I heard her say: "The violets are making a carpet under Morgan's Steep, and the azaleas and dogwood are white and pink on the hillsides, the ferns are green as green by all the springs and little brooks, and, Buster, old boy, I shall die if I can't get out into the country somewhere and see something like Sewanee." The next day the purple bows were again in evidence—the big one and the little one—and Miss Girard had another illegal holiday. The day following the holiday, I groaned to see her come in wearing a fresh lilac gown. She looked like spring. Her eyes were shining as she took the wrapper off of a small green basket in which was a blooming bush of wild violets.

If those flowers had only been some other color! She put them on her desk and her remarks to his Maltese highness "Buster" showed that she had been on a purple jag in the country where "there were some hills and the blessed smell of damp earth and green things in the air."

Never had I seen such a case of home-sickness. She lived with her soul in an unknown region and her intelligence inside of a stuffy office where many a detail of suffering and death was discussed in her hearing. I never knew Miss Girard to go into the wards but once and this brings me to the second case of home-sickness and the end of my story.

This case was reported by the second in command. He talked the matter over with the General in their office: "I have a man in private ward No. 2 who is dying with nostalgia. He talks about a place called Sewanee; he mutters, won't eat, can't sleep, and the worst of it is he has just gotten his commission for a fine fighting record and is too sick to care

about it. All of which is the result of Cuban fever and he was ordered here to convalesce. On the lists his name is Reginald Howard, and he is a generous six feet, but he insists on calling himself 'Stumpy,' and says he is 'full-back' on the team."

By the time the second in command had come thus far in his account, he and the General were confronted by a very determined young woman in a lilac gown with a basket of violets stuck under her arm. She said: "I am going to see that man." With that she two-stepped out of the room to a most ridiculous tune and words that sounded like this:

"Rah, rah, rec! Varsi-tie!
Hey, up! hey, up! Sewanee!
Sewanee, rah! Sewanee, rah!
Sewanee, tigers! Siss, boom, ah!"

Even the General looked non-plussed. Buster only was unperturbed. The second in command rose. "I think I'd better go," he said. "Yes," answered the General, "and report to me any change in Howard's case."

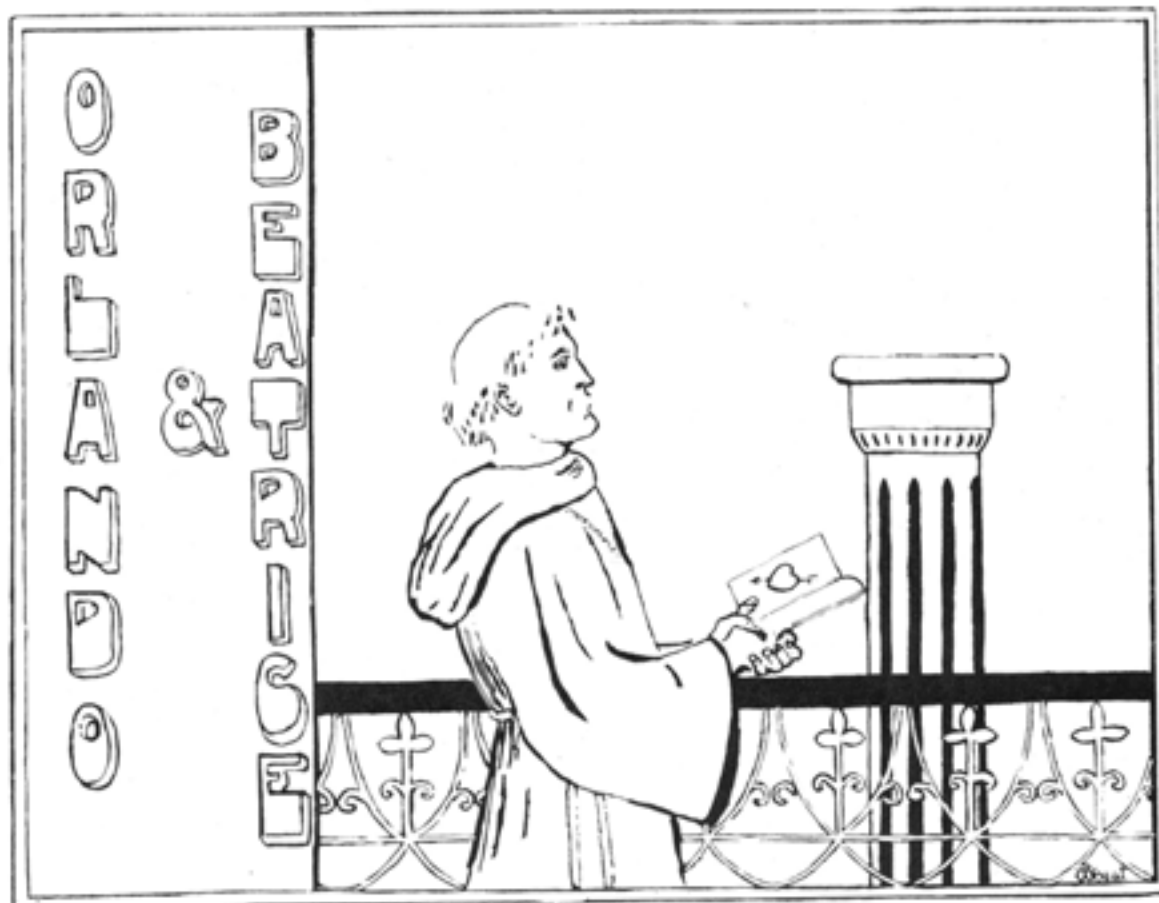
Presently the second in command put his head inside the door and said in an aggrieved tone: "She popped three fingers of whisky into Howard and is feeding him with chicken broth herself. The violets are on a glass table where they've no business to be, and I think you'd better look for a new secretary. She doesn't know anything about medicine, but she has cured that man, and when I asked her for an explanation for breaking the hospital rules, she said: 'Oh! I knew Stumpy at Sewanee.'"

Sunshine and Shadow

Beyond the drumming drops that dim the day,
The thin flaw-shredded mists that veil the dismal sky,
Above the sullen close that rounds our way,
Our little reach of life,
Clear splendors on thick-rolling cloud crests lie,
Unending sunsets blaze in mystery;
On azure-crowned peaks that cleave that misty strife
Eternal glory sleeps.

But out beyond the feeble range of light,
Beyond the fainting sun, lost in remorseless gloom,
Dwells darkness, chill and everlasting night,
Vast horror dim and dead,
From awful space in awful silence loom
Dead, ghastly stars, spun on to hopeless doom.
Thought, shuddering—sick, reels back, despairing and afraid,
And shrinks to pleasant clay.

But deeper glory in that darkness dwells,
Far grander harmonies swell from that dim despair,
More royal end that frozen chaos tells
Than man may hear or know,
That sun-ingemmed and splendid night doth bear
Rich mysteries more splendid and more fair,
To higher ken ablaze, whose thunders roll and flow
To ears beyond our own.



THE BELLS O' BRESLIN!

The bells o' Breslin ringing in the morning's early dawn, A song of sweet content for every hour, Is

at my window stealing. Their music comes a'pealing. The dear old bells o' Breslin in the ivy-mantled tower!

Oh bells o' Breslin, sing on to me! Let me from dreaming waken with thee! High on the

mountain, over the sea, Oh bells o' Breslin tower, sing on to me!

They sing to me of happiness, they sing to me of peace;
 They lull me with a sweet and wondrous power;
 The grand old anthem ringing,
 Sets all my heart a' singing,
 The dear old bells o' Breslin in the ivy-mantled tower.

O, never was there music in the world so sweet to me
 As this that marks the passing of the hour;
 They sing a song of duty,
 Of blessing and of beauty,
 The dear old bells o' Breslin in the ivy-mantled tower.

DAWN

Slowly the hours slip by, softly the night winds sigh,
The world is still.
Sadly the little streams cry, madly along they fly,
Fearing some ill.
Far in the East a light, tremulous, filled with fright,
Gladdens the way.
Steadily it grows and bright,
Beats back the hosts of night.
Lo, it is day.

EVENING

The hours are slowly slipping
From out the hand of time;
The day is drifting, drifting
To the spheres' eternal rhyme;
And Phoebus hastening, hastening,
Has cast his garments bright
On the black-robed cloud banks tracing
Immortal lines of light.
And now the shadows lengthen,
And now the world grows still;
Lo, from afar the evening star
Comes gliding o'er the hill.

A moment there she lingers,
A moment stays her feet,
Then veils her face in maiden grace
The queen of night to greet,
Slowly the monarch rises;
Majestic treads her way,
Far, far above, bright lamps of love,
Her star-eyed maidens play.
Down through the sullen shadows
Soft sink her rays of light,
And sighing breeze and murmuring trees
Whisper of dream-clad night.

The Garden of Dreams

Away from the glare of the garish Sun,
From the toil and strife of Day,
Out of the wanton Babylon,
Where Want and Care decay—
Oh come to the Garden of Dreams with me,
Over the Sea of Bliss,
In the light canoe of Purity,
Beneath the Zephyr's Kiss;
Where the moon paints on the azure sky
In frozen silhouette
The burnished turrets and golden domes
And the silvery minaret
Of a palace fair that is reared in air
In the wonderful Garden of Dreams.

Where the River of Truth
Majestic flows
Down to a shimmering sea,
And the grottoes sing in angelic tongue
A song that was never sung;
Where the young and yare, the fond and fair,
By the Light on land and sea,
Drink from the cup of the Blue Flower there,
In that marvellous Garden of Dreams.

* * *

Where the River of Truth glides ever on
To the mystic golden sea;
Oh, come with me to the Garden of Dreams
On the Island of Revery.



Night

Night:
Deeper and more deep, night falls at last,
Folds in its shroud the day that's passed.
Low hangs the moon,
The lover's boon.
The stars above like maidens' tears are shining
While clouds drift onward past, with opal lining
Their aerial coasts
Like fleeting ghosts.
Asleep the lilies lie, their petals white
Have drunken deep the opiate dew of night.
The rhythmic brook
From mead and nook
Pours waves of liquid phosphorous on its way,
While the nightingale with tuneful lay
Lulls earth to sleep
Mid shadows deep.

A Bowery Night's Entertainment

ORDINARILY there is a certain depression in a wet day—some subtle and occult influence in the atmosphere apart from the mere physical discomfort of dripping gloom and moistly clinging garments. A rainy night, however, exhilarates one and arouses dormant senses. In the city, especially, an air of fascination is lent to the scene; and the commonplace becomes colored with that interest and mystery so hard to describe. The light from store-windows transforms the dirty pavements into polished mirrors. Interiors grow warmer by contrast; and the passer-by envies those whom business or pleasure has called within doors.

The cafés emit most tempting odors of good cheer, while their windows give still more enticing glimpses of contented guests and bustling waiters, whose order cards increase in proportion as the weather becomes more threatening. The doors of saloons swing unceasingly to the hum of voices and the clinking of glass and mug.

Late in such a night as this a man hurriedly entered one of those music halls for which the Bowery is noted. He paused a moment at the door, as if to accustom his eyes to the glare of incandescent lights; and then, seeing an unoccupied table near the door, sank heavily into one of the chairs. His breath came in great shuddering gasps between ashen lips; and his hands were clinched until the knuckles showed ivory white through the tanned skin.

Several persons turned and stared at him with more curiosity than politeness, struck by the man's evident agitation and fright, but more so by the fearful hideousness of his face. From forehead to chin there ran a livid scar, which divided the nose and laid bare the front upper teeth. In other respects he was a fine specimen of physical manhood: tall and spare, with that leanness which tells of perfect training. The forehead was high and broad, the jaw square and determined. Yet, in spite of this, there was weakness and vacillation in the eyes; and a certain shrinking attitude which belied the promise of firmness in the chin.

A waiter took his muttered order, and left him gazing in fearful anticipation towards the door. As the minutes passed, however, his self-control returned sufficiently to enable him to sip his drink with apparent indifference to the inquisitive glances still bent in his direction. Several belated pleasure-seekers appeared within the next few moments. With every new arrival the man's form grew rigid and his brow wet with the sweat of terror. But as each proved other than he expected, an involuntary sigh of relief would escape him and the tension relax.

There was an air of such strange significance in the man's whole behavior that my natural politeness sank into abeyance, and I found myself watching alternately his face and the door. Of what or whom was the man in such mortal fear?

At length the expected happened. The door was flung violently open and a small, foreign-looking man burst into the hall with a short cry of exultation. He glided without a moment's hesitation towards the table at which was seated the first mysterious stranger, and placing some small object upon it, nodded meaningly and left the hall as precipitately

as he had entered. The man with the scar sprang to his feet chalk-white. He closed his fingers upon the object and gazed across the room with unseeing eyes. Then, suddenly and without a sound, he sank—a crumpled heap—upon the floor.

I was the first to reach his side and succeeded in keeping back the crowd in order to give him air. As I tore open his collar I noticed an odd mark tattooed upon the right side of his neck with two letters underneath. Before I could decipher them or even distinguish the outline of the design clearly, the unconscious man sighed and opened his eyes. His first movement was to fasten the unloosened neck-band and to cover the tattooing. I helped him to his feet and, when he seemed bent upon leaving, insisted upon seeing him at least part of the way home. He accepted my service in silence, even with relief, I thought, and leaned heavily upon my shoulder as we passed out into the street.

For a little while neither of us spoke. My new-found acquaintance led me, by many turns, into one of the most miserable and poverty-stricken quarters of the city. In one of these disreputable looking streets we paused before a dingy tenement. We stood there in the wet while my companion, with much fumbling and searching, produced a latchkey, with which he let me into a dark, malodorous hallway. With outstretched hands we groped and stumbled our way to the top floor, and here entered a small room with sloping ceiling. There was no fire, and by the glimmer of the solitary candle, which the man now lit, I saw that there was little furniture, and that little of the cheapest kind. A dirty cot was stretched beneath the one window. Three wooden-seated chairs were drawn up to a small table, and these articles, with the addition of rather a fine looking bookcase, well stocked with volumes, completed the furnishings.

My host threw himself upon the cot with a groan of despair, his huge body shaking and quivering with anguish. Presently, with great effort, he controlled his agitation and sat up on the edge, his chin in his hands, his eyes moody and sullen. I refrained from speaking, questioning him by look alone.

"You can't understand it all," he said at last, "and no wonder, no wonder. I'm a fool to tell you anything, too, for it may bring trouble upon you. But, any way, I must justify my behavior yonder, so listen to me first and then blame me if you can."

The Story of the Man with the Scar

I shall not tell you my name or birthplace for reasons that will appear later on in the course of my narrative. I was reared by wealthy parents, and given an excellent education at one of the largest universities in the country. Always of a turbulent and somewhat rebellious temper, I quarrelled with my father soon after my return from college, and was turned from his doors without a cent of money or any practical knowledge upon which I might draw for support. The next few years passed, I hardly know how. For days I went without food, and often walked the streets destitute. Before I had quite given up, however, luck changed. By a sudden stroke of fortune I was placed in the way of making a comfortable income, with the assistance of an old school chum who was in business of his own.

Shortly after this I took up law, and was already making a fair reputation when my thoughts were turned to the great socialistic movement then coming into prominence on this side of the Atlantic. My days of want and misery had given me an insight into that deep feeling of resentment and the sense of injustice which rankle in the breasts of "the other half" of the world. I knew by bitter experience the weakness of our social system; the dull, animal ferocity of the outcast, the ignorant callousness of the wealthy, and I was filled with the zeal of the seer to tell what I knew, and to right the wrong.

At the first, it was no easy task to gain the confidence of socialist leaders. I was at the time in comfortable circumstances. My connection with the courts also lent a suspicious coloring to my motives, which was hard to eradicate. In a few months, however, I was looked upon as one of the strongest converts to socialism; and my speeches and writings created no little stir in newspaper and official circles. After a short, but severe probation, I was formally initiated into one of the leading socialist clubs, and began a regular, systematic work, under the direction of the organization. There was nothing to alarm my conscience in the least. The tenets laid down were such as I already accepted, and the work assigned me clean and honorable to a degree. Later on, however, the leader began to drop hints of rather a dark character. I was startled, angered, even, for I had been led to believe that this particular club strictly observed all those marked distinctions between socialism and anarchy. My methods, while reactionary, were far from violent; and I drew the line at anarchy most emphatically. I signified as much to the president one day after he had made a broad and insinuating allusion to my inactivity in certain lines. He lost his temper, and, in the anger of the moment, allowed me to see that I was allied with a far from peaceful or conventional body of social agitators. I would have withdrawn my name then, but, as you can easily imagine, the oaths I had taken were not such as might be lightly broken. There was no help for it. I must remain true to the members, no matter how deeply I loathed their cause. One thing alone I could do—that was to refrain from putting my hand to any of their nefarious work.

Not long after my quarrel with the president I took part in a stormy meeting, in which it was resolved to commit a piece of radicalism I still shudder to think of. My voice was raised many times during the course of the discussion in earnest and most vigorous protest. My side lost, however, and the more violent measures prevailed. An official in the State must die at the hands of certain members of our division. Now came the vote for those who should become the "instruments of justice," as they called their avengers. One of the members, a man who seemed especially resentful towards me because of my merciful and moderate views, now rose to propose my name for one of the instruments.

My heart sank within me at the thought, for to refuse the office meant death. In mingled fear and wrath, I rose and left the room, determined to have a moment to myself to consider my situation.

There was one singularly vindictive little man there—a tailor by profession—small in stature, but of most remarkable energy and activity. It was his duty and office in the club to announce to the "instruments" their election to the piece of work at hand.

It came to me like a flash of inspiration that if I could avoid this man and prevent his delivering to me the warrant, there could be no penalty attached to my failing to execute the will of the order, in case I were chosen one of the number of "instruments." From that moment began my efforts to evade this man. You can never realize what I have suffered in anxiety and terror while keeping myself hid. I had been successful for three weeks—until to-night, when, as you saw, he found me and delivered the paper.

He paused and clutched the scrap still more tightly, his forehead white and damp with anguish.

"My God! I dare not open it! and yet I must. If it were known that I have told you all this your life would not be worth a candle. It was wrong of me to jeopardize your safety—but I must have some human sympathy—I can stand the strain no longer!"

Once more he paused. Then, hesitating, he looked at me beseechingly and thrust out his hand.

"Take it, for God's sake, and read it. Tell me my fate!"

Moved, in spite of myself, by the man's awful emotion, I took the paper with trembling hand. I summoned my courage with a mighty effort and spread out the crumpled sheet upon my knee. Then, with feelings that baffle all describing, I read, in a voice shaking with—*laughter*:

IN ACCOUNT WITH O. LEIFENBACHER, Repairing Tailor			
	<i>To Pressing One Pair Trousers - -</i>	<i>\$0</i>	<i>25</i>
<i>"Don't you think it is time to pay this bill. You have owed it for four months already?"</i>			

By Agathon

(Fragment of recently discovered tragedy, title unknown, supposed to be by Agathon. Discovered by a student-employee of the Athenian Excavation Fund, whose name is for obvious reasons withheld. The original, inscribed in uncials on what seems to have been a fragment of a linen chiton stiffened with some unknown preparation, was found in the cornerstone of a small temple at the Piræus.)

Io moi moi me talaina
Our old employment has been ta'en
No more we shall remove the stain,
Clad in white garments now no more
Of our cleansing—

(A fold in the linen chiton has obliterated some lines. We conjecturally amend:

“as of yore
The grave philosophers are clad.”

The matter is evidently the latter part of a chorus, the dialect being Arcadian. Then the protagonos speaks. In his name the first three letters are obliterated.)

— — — GINS (Loquitur)

Lo, I will promise you all things, they shall be as you
desire.

CHORUS LEADER:

But who will promise your promises shall be c'en
partly fulfilled?

— — — GINS:

Lo, I will promise my promises they shall be all you
require.
Ten years by promising promises murmurers here
have I stilled.

CHORUS:

Indispensable were we
Like the sunlight and the sea,
As the sea on every strand
Washes clean and white the sand
As the glorious light of day
Washes gloomy night away,
As the earth is washed by rain
So we washed away all stain.
Now for us they substitute
Strange machines ———

(Here a hole in the chiton has destroyed much of the text—forty or fifty lines seem lost. The last fragment seems part of the speech of a messenger describing the catastrophe.)

ANGELLOS:

Fed it the robes of the choir, and it made them more white
than their souls;
Fed it philosophers' chitons, and they strained it, but still
it went on;
Fed it the theologues' clothes, and it heated somewhat in
the rolls;
Fed it the young students' garments, it did them, but
smoked thereupon,
But when they gave it the cuffs of a red-headed medical
student
Sudden it burst into flame ———

(This fragment seems to be connected with the fate of the first steam laundry at Athens. We regret that the uncials have reached us in so fragmentary a form, but hope to supplement this translation with a critical edition in time.)

Logic at Sewanee

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. BISHOP)

Scene: Morgan's Steep. The rock seat under the oak at one side.

Time: Any Summer afternoon.

Personnel: Summer girl.

Student who has just finished a course in Logic and thinks he will try its effect, having just been reproached with talking too much nonsense.

Cupid, with wings quivering from laughter, perched on the top limb of the oak, having a hard time holding on:

HE — All men once must fall in love;
I am of the class above,
And own my love for you on bended knee.
SHE — No, all men themselves do love;
You are of the class above,
And you love yourself much more than me.
HE — One's sworn oath cannot be doubted;
And though me you've often floated,
Still, I swear I love you, *do* believe.
SHE — Girls are from all laws exceptions,
And are versed in men's deceptions;
I, a girl, will not your oath receive.
(He scratches his head and tries again.)
HE — Questions straight should answered be,
Will you give your love to me?
Answer me at once, please, "yes" or "no."

SHE — If you must your answer get,
Then, I love you not, as yet.
Now you really must be still, and go.
HE — Women's, "no" means always "yes,"
Come, my dear, your love confess;
Do not longer use your power to tease.

SHE — A conclusion must agree
With its premise, don't you see?
Leave your logic for some abler, please.
(Cupid, who has had all he could do to hold on, now manages to put an idea on his arrow and shoots.)

HE — If my logic will not win,
Cupid's methods I'll begin,
And I —
(Rest is drowned in audible example. Logic is banished.)





A Reincarnate Memory

A Nonyx night, all gray and black a-streak,
Set with a million nugget-points of fire,
A brumal moon, o'er-swarmed from peak to peak
With Mist Wraiths burning with a wild desire,
To kiss the Earth and in that kiss to die;
To sell their souls for one brief ecstasy.

A PALEOZOIC world—a dead stone sea—
When time was not, nor ever man was blest;
A Soul of Mist from Yaraik came to me,
I was a clod in rathe arbutus drest—
And to my dull cold essence fire-lips prest,
And quickened me and warmed me at her breast.

A ND I remember in the zons passed
A ferine woodland, with the breeze a-blow,
A nescient Rose, of all his hue the last,
Full-blown and dying in the morning glow.
Then came a dew-drop at the Law's command,
You filled my heart and taught me love nefand.

Maeterlinck

A POEM

It is a night, and no moon or stars can be seen.
A heavy rain has fallen, and pools stand in the street.
It is not raining now, but it has been raining,
And the stars and moon are hid by the black.
A fat brown bird is sitting on a bare branch of a tree;
He is shrieking and moaning, loudly, by turns.
A snail has crept into his shell, and the river is high.

In a house a child is awake, and crying,
And gasping, and drawing in his breath.
The mother does not know why the child cries,
And the doctor and all the people do not know.
And the father, and somewhat smaller brother, and the blind grandmother
Hear the child cry, but do not understand why.
Some people come and look at the mother and the child,
But they cannot understand what he cries, or why.
So they pet him, and leave gifts, and go away.

The father and mother take their gifts, and smile at the child,
And pet him, and fondle him, and kiss his cheeks;
But they cannot understand what he cries, or why.
The blind grandmother hears the child, and beats him.
He is her grandchild, and she cannot understand what he cries, or why.

And three old women, with purple fingers and wrinkled skin,
And iron-bound shoes, come to the child and hear him cry.
Then they put on him a brown pinafore, and it begins to rain again.
They look into his eyes, but the child does not stop crying.
They then put white glass spectacles, made in Pisa, over the child's eyes,
And smile at each other, and say they understand why the child cries.
They bend their ears to listen to his voice: then he stops crying.



Cabin Days at Sewanee

YOU that are a lover of nature and fond of walking, and would enjoy a cabin day in the season when the days are longest, must start early, when the wooded vistas are cool and alluring. The rough mountain road beckons on and you follow with a pleasant sense of freedom the four miles to where the road ends in the open at the edge of the mountain and at the cabin. The spirit of tranquility pervades the spot, and perhaps a touch of tenderness enters your heart when the picturesque outlines of the little cabin come within your view. Primitive and irregular it is, with the handmarks of a rude craftsman—the old mountaineer who built it. The rough rock chimneys, broad and low, extend a welcome, and, if you have started before breakfast, they suggest an ashcake and a pot of fragrant coffee.

Surely the inspiration of some delightful book seems nearer your own in a hammock swung to the view from the porch of the cabin; even so, your eyes wander from the page over the distant hills and the book slips from your hand as you listen to the sounds from the valley—a pastoral song which lulls you into long day dreams.

Too soon the purple shadows deepen and the sunset mists veil the peaceful valley and you find that you must start back over the road that you came in the morning. The road seems strangely changed! Is it yourself or only the gentle night softening all?

But there are other days, vigorous days at the cabin, in the autumn and midwinter, when the air is crisp and the fire-places are piled high with blazing logs. When comradeship is stimulating—and who would undertake cabin days with any but a comrade?—then reminiscence is charming; or the discussion of things literary, or the so-called philosophies of life, become more interesting in the little log rooms.

Sometimes these days lengthen into nights, and in the flickering firelight you listen to the night sounds—the roaring of the wind through the tree tops, the baying of the dogs far away; or the more kindly sounds of night, the cricket under the hearthstone or the dropping of nuts on the roof.

"Far heard, some frail, belated thing,
Thrills out fine music on its filmy wing."

Again the day. Long walks through the woods with gun and dog. The whirring of the partridge or glimpse of grouse to lead you on, ever up and down the rocky bluffs—then back to the fireside. The comradeship grows firmer. And why not? Do not the walls of logs, the raftered roof, the stone hearth, develop something stronger than the commonplace?

Ah, cabin days, both uplifting and strengthening have I found thy influence, and with subtle happiness do I watch the blue smoke curl from thy rude chimneys—little cabin—for I know as long as the fire burns I shall stay.

Is it the fireside, the distant hills, the peaceful valley, the sunrise or the sunset that my heart responds to? I do not know.

The Cork Converses

THE EDITOR has asked me to contribute a short sketch of local interest to the CAP AND GOWN. When I shall have done this I will at least have the consolation of knowing that my contribution will be materially instrumental in filling a page or two that otherwise would not have been.

I venture to hazard the statement that I am the first cork who has ever written for publication. Corks do many things and serve manifold purposes, but I have yet to hear of a cork of literary proclivities, and I naturally take a certain pride in the fact. But all this is beside the mark; so I will proceed without further digression.

I first began to exist as a part of the mother tree on the far-away coast of Morocco, in Africa. For several years I sojourned there until one eventful day, when I was torn away and sent on a long journey to America. I was taken to a place called Milwaukee, and here began my trials and tribulations. As I look back over that period of my life I wonder how I ever survived to occupy the high position that I now hold. To begin with, I was rudely thrust into the neck of a bottle several sizes too small, and was kept "cribb'd, cabin'd and confin'd" there by a wire wound tightly over my head. I imagine I felt much as tightly-laced women feel. In such limited surroundings I became cynical to a degree. Then, too, the contents of the bottle never failed to attempt my forcible removal, but, thanks to the wire with which I was bound—which, it pains me to remember, cut and lacerated me, severely—I invariably succeeded in controlling the situation.

But these were minor matters by the side of one thing that I had to endure. Talk of the tortures of Tantalus! They were as nothing compared to what I suffered. Think of it, that I, who had been brought up in a hot country and had come naturally by a raging thirst, should be confined within two inches of a bottle of beer and—as it was stowed away carefully right side up—never, even on the hottest summer days, allowed to touch it. It was maddening. Those were terrible times, and even now I shudder when I think of them.

But, as the poker player will tell you, hard luck can't last forever and my good fortune was rapidly approaching. I was sent to a small suburb called Chattanooga, which, I am given to understand, is the most impossible of all of America's municipalities, and thence to Sewanee, in a box marked "Shoes—Glass—Handle with care."

In company with my fellows, to the number of thirty-five, I was taken from the express office, with a great appearance of secrecy. It seems that no one up here is permitted familiarity with corks save a lot of greybeards, who carouse weekly at a place named the E. Q. B.

It was a rather hot day and you may be sure that I was delighted to be put on ice to the accompaniment of a snatch of song from my escort—

"A beer on ice
Is very nice—
It goes right to the spot."

In that same night, as the preacher impressively descants, I was taken from my cool, sequestered abode to a far-away site. I cannot mention its whereabouts, for I was pledged to secrecy at the time.

There were ten or twelve people there, all dressed alike in black clothes, with a conspicuous front of white, and running diagonally across this front was a broad red band, which, I presume, signified that they were members of the Legion of Honor. They had a great deal to talk about, and their speeches were at times really eloquent. I must confess that I was fascinated. Between the speeches some one would jump up and inquire solicitously after the identity of George Washington, to be greeted by the unanimous remark that he was first in about everything that it was at all desirable to be first in. I am inclined to think that this man Washington was an absent member and that they adopted this vociferous means of recalling his membership.

By and by my turn came. I was full of the spirit of the evening, and, besides, I was quite inoculated and intoxicated by constant association with the contents of the bottle over which I had been holding supervision. So you will not be surprised to learn that I burst from my confinement with a report like the Hell-Gate explosion. One of the men remarked that I was the loudest cork he had ever heard of. I didn't know whether to take this as a compliment or not, but I was decidedly flattered when he ordered the waiter to bring me to him. He looked at me rather quizzically, saying, "Yes, you are about the loudest ever," and then placed me in his pocket.

The rest of the feast concerns no one but the feasters, and I will not, therefore, speak further on the subject.

Just as the procession—for, you must know, they walked home in such manner, each man carrying a red lantern—had come in front of the Vice Chancellor's residence, I had the misfortune to fall out of my owner's pocket. In vain I called to him. He was too much occupied in calling for "a little bit off the top" to heed other things.

All adventures come to an end, and my night on the streets was not the exception that proved the rule. I was blinking around, taking in my untoward surroundings, when some one stopped in front of me, with the question, "Now, what the devil are *you* doing here?" I did not see fit to answer a question so rudely asked, and I looked at the questioner with silent contempt. It afterwards developed that he was the Commissary of the university. No one could explain the position, but some held that this person had been a commissary-general in the British army, and that, like all Englishmen, who insist upon the old order of things, he refused to part with his ancient title, no matter in what walk of life it should please Providence to call him. The Commissary picked me up, looked at me, and exclaimed: "One of them damned Budweiser chaps. I'll take you to the 'V. C.,' and to the 'V. C.' we went."

There they placed me on the table between them. The "V. C." scrutinized me closely; in fact, his scrutiny was so scrutinizing as to deserve reprimand, and I inquired:

"Well, do you see anything wrong in me?"

"No; not in you, *qua* you; but, do you know, you are the cause of a lot of mischief?"

We were at that moment interrupted by the entrance of a fellow named Barney. I could see that this new comer

was boring the "V. C." to death with his strenuous talk, and I wished that I could come to the "V. C.'s" rescue, but at that time I was unaware of my powers. Just then the telephone bell rang and the "V. C." turned to answer it. Barney absent-mindedly picked me up from the table and began to look at me. In doing so he brought me quite close to his nose, and as a whiff of my odor reached him I could see a change come over him. He jumped to his feet and began talking wildly. Then he staggered across the floor, fell forward on the table and collapsed. The Commissary and a little fellow with red, fox-like whiskers came rushing in to see what was the matter, and carried Barney out. The "V. C." caught me up delightedly, and I think only my small size prevented him from embracing me. For some reason my odor seemed to have no effect on him, nor on the Commissary, nor on the little redbear fellow, nor on several others whom I have since heard called professors, but I have done some very effective work on Juniors and Theologues.

But to take up the thread of my story again. Barney had scarcely disappeared when in came another and another visitor and still another. All the population of Sewanee seemed to be there, and each was insisting loudly that his or her business was the most important, and unless his or her case was attended to immediately the University could not possibly last another week. Everybody was there, from the janitor who complained that some one had stolen the chapel bell rope, to the Junior who called to get an interpretation of the last speech that the Dean of the Academic Department had delivered in chapel. The "V. C." looked at me despairingly. "Do you think you could manage these others as you did Barney?" he asked. "Just give me a try," I answered, "and I believe I can rid you of a lot of these long-distance talkers." The suggestion seemed to relieve him, and he agreed to try me. I did valiant service that day, and one would have thought that a Chelidon banquet was going on in the "V. C.'s" office, to see the number of tipsy people who were carried out. The "V. C.'s" delight was unbounded. He at once installed me as "Pacifier of the Windy," and now I am his right-hand man. He says that he could not do without me, that he does not understand how he ever did without me aforesaid. He promised me that my name will appear in next year's catalogue along with the roll of "Officers of Instruction and Government." But I've heard it whispered that he will promise anything.

Nothing more was said of my night on the streets. Once I heard him talking with that blasted Englisher of a Commissary, but the discussion ended with the "V. C.'s" remark: "Even the best of us fall at times. Think how he has overcome his surroundings. Remember what his past environments were."

How do you think "Zweibeer Cork, O. L., Pacifier of the Windy" will look in the catalogue? Myself, I am quite elated over it, and I will be pardoned for saying that it is not every cork that makes his mark.

A Winter's Diary

EXAMS. but three days off. A fact patent to many, but to none more than to my friend Nick, upon whose success in the coming mill depended the retention of his scholarship and the completion of his course. In vain did he and I drum on the table and puff hard at our briars.

"Hang it," said Nick, "what a fool I was to waste time in my final year, trying to hold down 'Tich' in hope that a sudden death might give me an 'S!' — college spirit, I say, when it leads to such foolishness as throwing away a degree for the sake of being of some help in developing the 'Varsity! It sounds mighty fine, but it's twaddle pure and simple." Then after a long pause, "Well, if a towel and boning don't pull me through it's up to me to stay here and dig."

I blew a long whistle. "What! Stay in Sewanee all winter! Why, man, you'll die of ennui and cold!" Nick laughed, rather weakly, I thought, and answered:

"Lots of the boys have done it, and have always declared it fine."

"You know," I retorted, "that when a fellow makes a mistake he'll never acknowledge it."

Just then some of the boys banged in, and the matter was dropped.

"A towel and boning" did not pull Nick through. Thus it came about that on a certain December day I gave him a farewell handshake, and left him to the tender mercies of the covies and the "flunked-in" classics. When I returned, in March, the first one to greet me was Nick; the same old fellow, only fatter and happier than ever. Upon asking him how he managed to stand the winter through, he answered, "It was great." Later, in support of his statement, he let me read a diary kept during those three months of what unknowing mortals would regard as torture. With Nick's permission, I present a few of the most characteristic leaves, hoping that they may give some other hesitating would-be "stay-up" courage to remain and know his Alma Mater as he otherwise would not.

Monday, December 22—Have decided to keep a diary while up. It will serve both as a source of amusement and as a stimulating record of my steady progress in the classics. Spent morning in Hardy's room at St. Luke's. Hardy was stranded; had to wait three days for check—a frequent occurrence, the family say—he got off on the three. I felt rather blue when he pulled out. Afternoon taken up with settling my room, a big, sunny, double one at Mrs. R's. Had to be right obstinate with the old lady before she agreed to let me have it. Though her house is almost empty, from force of habit, I suppose, she wished me to take a back room away up. Always was a good bargainer. The evening went by in listening to the family dilate on the coming delights of winter and their relief at school's being closed. Beginning to feel at ease, but can't help thinking of the good old hunts and home; also wonder whether the little lady will miss me. Bed, 9:30.



PA 103

Tuesday, December 23—Arose at 8:30. Unique experience to sleep late at Sewanee, without having either chapel or Dr. Billy on my mind. After breakfast walked to the Supply, which keeps open all winter; found that even the virtuous stay-up is not exempt; prices, unlike the temperature, keep at summer heat. Gazing at Breslin, found, much to my amazement, it was but quarter past seven. No mistake, for chimes were ringing the quarter hour. Had supposedly breakfasted at nine. Rather early, I thought, for Mrs. R. to begin practical jokes. Upon returning, asked in off-hand way the time.

"Twenty-five minutes past ten," answered Mrs. B.

Then, on my rudely denying it and quoting Breslin, the infallible, as my authority, she hastened to explain that the clock hands had frozen together with the works, hence were disconnected. Peculiar. Wonder how city clocks run in the winter. Must be heated, like Hoffman, by steam throughout. Remainder of day spent in straightening out things; also made out schedule to study by. Believe I waste many minutes that could be saved by system. Schedule as follows will serve to show daily life: Arise, 8:30 A.M.; breakfast, 9 A.M.; smoke and digest same, 9:45; Greek, 9:45 to 10:30; Calculus, 10:30 to 12; rest and prepare for dinner, 12 to 1; recreation, 1:30 to 4; Latin, 4 to 6; supper, 6; smoke, 6:30 to 7; Philosophy, 7 to 8:30; read some standard work, 8:30 till 9:30; bed, 9:30. Arranged work so as to form contrast—Greek vs. Calculus, etc. It will be restful, though eight hours a day is not much. Most business men do more. May tackle Greek again from 3 to 4, but just as well to begin slowly and work up. Spent evening playing checkers and talking with Miss P. Bed, 10:30. Made an exception, as it is the last night.

Wednesday, December 24—Awoke at 8, but on thinking it over decided not worth while to begin work to-day, as Xmas doings to-morrow will interrupt. Lay abed till 11. Passed most of the day loafing. Wrote letter home. Walked down to put it on the six. Much to disappointment, found six in the evening and eleven in the morning are taken off during the winter; gives me only one mail a day from Georgia and home, while there are four from Nashville way; also no collection from boxes, nor delivery—a beastly way to run things. Makes one walk way down town every time a letter comes or goes. Tuttle and Cardy are rooming at St. Luke's, taking meals at house. Wish I had thought of it—so cheap. They are up for ordination work. What with the Colmores, Brooks, Kirby-Smiths, and Right Bower, to say nothing of the McNeals, we'll form a jolly crowd once we get together, . . .

December 26—Arose 6:30 A.M. Happened this way. Last night Clark asked me over to his room. "Just a little crowd to while away the evening." I went; found five of the fellows. With cigars and light refreshments the evening went right merrily. Clark, to emphasize one of his brilliant sallies, struck Southey somewhere about the middle. During the ensuing fracas, Clark disappeared with the restoratives. After much search and argument, he was convinced that "the dear little chapter-house would not die" for want of "medicine;" also that he could not cut a hole in a stone wall



with a tin can. Just then I too was convinced that the far-famed Sewanee air *did* possess exhilarating properties. . . . Awoke as stated at 6:30, not in my room—can't account for it. Came home the back way to spruce up, being muddy. This is also unaccountable. Haven't seen any of the boys, but should judge "the air" was too much for me. Wonder whether home folks would call this slow living? Have bad headache, which must come from my old trouble, astigmatism. Decided to rest my eyes till New Year, then down with the classics. . . .

New Year's, January 1— . . . This evening went to card party at Fulford Hall, the Doctor and family being *en residence* till Monday next. Didn't know there were so many people on the mountain. Never met some of them before, though I've been up four years—strange. And they were charming, widows and daughters of bishops and clergy of bygone days. At twelve all went over to Breslin, opened the tower, and rung in the new year. Returning, we found steaming punch to drink "Wassail"—even the V. C. was as other mortals. Wonderful change winter makes in the potentates; it's like one big family. . . . Well, to-morrow comes work!

January 16—Just back from two weeks in the valley. Seven of us piled tent, bedding, etc., into the wagon with old "Uncle Billy" Cheatham, and drove down to Elk River, a small creek in the valley, at the foot of Green's View. 'Twas like a spell of home—the fishing, the partridges, and the long evenings around the fire. Once we got Uncle Billy started on the Sewanee of the past, when the "Gin'r'l" and the Bishop were in the seats of the mighty and the boys "jist stay'd aroun' anywhar." Then came the nights of huddling for warmth. Anyhow, I wasn't in the first contingent for home. . . . No work as yet, but to-morrow's sun will see your uncle and Marcus Aurelius do battle.

February 12—Just back from a winter German. Spent Monday evening at the McNeal's. We got to talking of Forensic and dancing—thermometer two degrees above zero. After talking ourselves to point of desperation, we decided on a German for Saturday, hence the cotillion; five couples plus two stags, the hall tastefully decorated with oil stoves used as partners on the odd dances, costumes, firs and coats. Finally the piano froze, and, as the society column would say, "the last German of the season, marking the approach of Lent, came gracefully to a close."

February 20—Looking out this morning found everything covered with ice—walks, fences, and trees, all appearing like the sugar crystal of Xmas times. Essayed a walk down for the mail. My progress over the *for-once* smooth walks reminded me of the ancient problem of the toad in the well, three feet up and two feet down. Am following schedule pretty closely. Bad weather is a great help to indoor resolutions. . . . Spent hours of rest, 2 to 4, at McNeal's; but one of many pleasant hours spent under this hospitable roof in reading, talking, or listening to them sing. From there went to the E. Q. B. reception. This august body once a week throws open its mystery-hiding doors to the winter public. There are gathered together, as Macaulay would say, "representatives from every part of a great, free, and enlightened empire." There, too, I have weekly the thrilling experience of receiving from the Supply's hot chocolate machine two, and even three, cups of that delicious beverage without even a soda check or a nickel seeing the light of day. There is an atmosphere of refinement about these meetings that prevents one from ever gossiping. The dear ladies

merely exchange "the news" and "play pool." What a pleasure it is to play that "nice game" with those whose art consists in never making a score, yet they say chivalry is dead. . . . However, these afternoons-at-home of the E. Q. B. form a pleasant feature of the week, and help greatly to break the monotony of the winter for many. . . . Place depopulated of the fellows: Southey off for two weeks in Nashville, Kin in Texas, and several of the girls away for change, and school still 27 days off! Had our old friends the rabbit and squirrel for supper, plus a little hominy and corn bread. . . . Must stop, or I'll write myself homesick.

March 4—Spring in the air, every one out and school only 15 days ahead. The fences are getting a new coat. Will have to follow their example. One thing certain, Aunt Tibitha can't search through my things on the pretext of looking for old clothes unless she wants rags. I might say of all my former second-bests, "Well done, thou good and faithful servants." Even my flannel shirt is a reminder of many a pleasant call. . . .

This afternoon went down for the five o'clock mail. Don't believe even the salons of ancient France boasted a gayer or more varied assembly than the old P.-O. at this hour. 'Tis there one learns the news and feels the thrill of the world's gay throng. Wonderful the amount of gossip with such scanty material. The snowball comparison is inadequate. A call becomes a rush. A letter, a girl, and so on *ad infin.* However, suppose a place must have at least one all-year-round characteristic. Million-dollar donation from Gelt Haben the latest rumor. Old timers shake their heads, for 'tis an old mid-winter night's dream, a classic of great antiquity, yet always good when every other excitement fails. . . .

March 17—Well, to-morrow ends it all, and winter's over. Old Winterites on every side with long faces, "So sorry the boys are coming back, it was so quiet;" and, "How quickly the winter has gone." In this I can agree with them. Marcus Aurelius still holds the field. Behind him in grim array Theocritus and others; yet I would not have it otherwise, for to-day I know Sewanee and her charms as never before. To-day my Alma Mater is more than a fantasia of 'Varsity triumphs and forensic renown.

The Court of Flowers

I chanced me in a court of flowers
Whose garb was richer than the bowers
Of any queenly court I've seen,
Upon a carpet azure sheen
Enthroned in glistening robes of pearl,
Apart the Lily sate from knight and churl.
Among her train were Daffodils
In stately gowns of golden frills,
And Hyacinths with purple mantles
Adorned with sparkling Spanish cantles.

Near-by were laughing Primroses
Like flaxen-headed boys in choruses.
Semblant to wine of sacred blood,
In garments dyed the Tulip stood.
As maidens kneel at Easter-tide
Before the shrine of Him that died,
Clad in their simple vestments white,
So were the Daisies in that courtly light.
And many more were in that throng
Appareled finer than e'er writ in song.

THE KING'S CURSE

Why the King never kept his promises nobody ever knew,
But others he made make promises and, truth, they kept them, too.
Perhaps the cause, as some men say, in right divine of Kings did lay,
But whether this be so or no we do not know unto this day.

King Blowton gazed in cancellarian wrath
Upon the culprits kneeling at his throne.
With streaming eyes and promise in their words
They plead for yet another chance to show
That they would henceforth keep the stern decree
Aforetime issued, barring out strong drink.
But one more pardon and their fallen state
Would rear itself and claim all men's respect.
Then spake the king in accents sad and low—
"Lo, thrice ere this offense ye promised me
That never would ye touch the fearsome cup.
Behold, my mercy falls without avail.
And ye my discipline have stultified.
So I must put an end to all this farce.
To curb the Lawless and to drive out Wrong,
I banish Sin from out my Realm's domain.
To 'establish Truth within my borders wide,
To purge the city set within a wood,
To make it shine as doth a beacon's light
To all that stumble in the lower world.
But, more in sorrow than in wrath, I speak
This sentence punitive in its effect:
Depart ye, then, to Beersheba, and stay
Not less than two weeks' space ere ye come
Again to where or storms or cares burst not.
I banish you, but not because ye sin,
('Tis true, deep woe is mine that ye imbibed),
It is that ye have promised thrice ere this,
And thrice have held your words for naught.
Beware the facile word which tempts you bind
Yourself to obligation, right or wrong.
'Tis he who swears to least who most performs,
Nor stacks up bonds to do 'gainst time to come.
And so, dismissed in sorrow, not in wrath,
Abide your term in making up what's lost.
That, when ye turn your eager, quickened step
To hither site set on the mountain's crest,
Ye may partake of Wisdom dwelling here,
And fall not from your plighted faith again."
Thus spake the king and went to other tasks
To while the day away for coming joy
To follow on the morrow of that eve.

When he should come full clothed in white samite
And speak the language of an ancient tongue
Before the thronged people in the church,
And glory in the pomp of office there,
While others hung upon his gilded words.

The day had passed into the Shades of Night,
When Blowton garbed himself in evening dress
And passed from out the gate of Bulford Hall
Amidst the homage of the many-mouthed
Who stood by, rank on rank, along the walk,
To greet the monarch as he onward trod.
Straight through the multitude he walked,
Nor paused he e'en to bow at dead'ning cheers
That swept high heaven with their mighty sound.
Into the banquet hall he turned his steps,
Low bent th' alumni as he took his seat
And with his gavel called the feast to life.
The feast begins and laughter shakes the walls,
Where classic authors sleep upon the shelves,
Arranged in rows attractive to the eye,
Where sleep the best who ever lived on earth,
Whose lives shall not find equal in our own.
In mem'ry of their genius high and great,
Pedantic Snuck springs up to drink a toast.
The toast is echoed through the spacious hall.
"What, ho! No music to relieve the ear!"

"Bring forth the culprit!" Blowton angry cries,
Who thought to rob us of deserved rest
From speech monotonous and dry and long.
Behold where stands the trembling culprit there
King Blowton glares upon him. As some dam
In Spring bursts down the wall and whirls the vale,
So burst the King's "damn" o'er the banquet board.
And stilled the banqueters, and e'en to Snuck
Awd silence came and not a word was spoke.
And Blowton rose and with a sweeping hand,
Allied to voice of harsh and threatening mien,
Began thuswise unto the knave to speak:
"By what and whose authority, I ask,
Have you, O blind, O fool, O foolish fool,
Presumed to dare the pleasure of my ear,

And thus deprive the banquet of its cheer?"
Adown the long mute line the culprit gazed;
No sympathy was there. And then he said,
The sweat of Fear protruding through his pores,
"O King, I crave your royal grace. Recall
That you a few days since did give permit
That I should hold a concert in the hall
Where man and maid upon fantastic toe
Might trip the waltz or in the two-step go."
Then up he looked, and suddenly his Fear
Took wings, and thus defiantly he sung:

"Beware the promise of a king,
Avoid his false pretenses,
Henceforth to all I'll ever sing,
O shun the consequences."

Straightway the royal eye flared up, as flares
The fire, when fuel added gives new life
To cinders smouldering. And then he spake:
"I, Blowton, King of this engirt demesne,
Do here, in sight of all my noble peers,
Bestow forever on thee for thy guilt
The righteous curse of him who's foully wronged!
Who told thee, knave, that I obey my word?
That thou has right to question right divine?
To promise is a king's prerogative,
T' obey the duty of the churl and swain.
And thou hast flung defiance at my head,
The head of all this broad exempt estate.
Fain would I lift my awful curse from thee,
But I may not lest precedent be had
For men in coming days to stand upon
My promised word. And this must not be so.
O thrice a fool that you should count upon
My promise. More should you be pitted than
Condemned. And, more in sorrow than in wrath,
I, Blowton, King, before whom none durst stand,
Attainst my royal mouth to curse thee—LOON!"
And all the world re-echoed Blowton's curse,
And in the street outside the students paled,
And yet they knew not why. At Beersheba
The culprits groaned at sound of Blowton's curse.
And he, the fool, full slowly slunk away,
And Blowton came into his own again.

THE FIRE FIEND

I loudly scream and I fiercely dance
In the Fire! the Fire!
The roaring flame is my garment's glance,
The Fire! the Fire!
My heat grows great till the strong man dies,
My voice out-yells his dying cries;
I exult in my might that his strength defies,
For I am the Fire!

My dusky hair streams out on the blast,
The smoke of the Fire;
Like rain from the sky the sparks fall fast
To help the Fire.
The winds extend my red domain,
And sweating men, with might and main,
Struggle to save their lives, in vain,
For I am the Fire!

Their shriveling corpses soon lie dead
In the wrath of the Fire.
The vast crowds shrink and run in dread
Of the raging Fire.
My flames stay not, but sweep along,
And sleepers, waked by the sounding gong,
Are dead ere they know from my terrible song
That I am the fire!

A SERENADE

Bright are the stars that glow above us, love,
They burn fore'er with love that never dies;
Like diamonds do they scintillate, my love,
But brighter far than any star
Is the light of thine own dear eyes.

Fair is the rose that blooms beside us, love,
No fairer sight would many ever seek;
Red rose, it tells my passion for thee, love;
But ne'er there grows so fair a rose
Than the rose on thine own dear cheek.

White is the snow upon the mountains, love,
The gleaming peaks that are so tall and grand,
Its brilliance dazzles every eye, my love;
The snow so white becomes as night
When it's laid on thine own dear hand.

Sweet are the sirops of Ind, my love,
Which, tasted in an often, curious sip,
Prove sweeter than the honeycomb, my love;
But aught so sweet, I'll never meet
As a kiss from thine own dear lip.

The Thump of the Pigskin

A LONG time ago, John, when you and I were part of the vast uncreate, Bobby Burns, the inimitable, warbled that "the best laid scheme of mice and men gang aft agley." Years have passed to demonstrate the well-worn and universal truth of his lay. This then is the moral that adorns the tale I am about to tell you.

On Thanksgiving Day, in the year of grace 1902, in the good city of Nashville, it came to pass that two stalwart foes met on the field of glory to battle for supremacy. On the one side, eleven sturdy warriors clad in gold and black; on the other, a full half-score and one garbed in royal purple raiment. So like they were in weight and seeming strength you would have said that neither had advantage.

Many people had heard that there was to be a brilliant fight. It was the time set for the Vanderbilt-Sewanee game. From far and near were gathered there hundreds of partisans, from the Chancellors of the two institutions to the small but vociferous Grammar School boy.

The West bank of the field shone resplendent with many colors. Vivacious femininity vied bravely with collegians in enthusiasm for their favorite team. Here and there a flag of gold and black challenged defiantly a purple pennon waved by some fair supporter of the Mountain eleven.

Across, on the other side of the field, were seated the students of Vanderbilt University. All confidence was theirs. They were cheering a team which had accomplished the defeat of every opponent up to that time. They felt that final victory and a series of unbroken triumphs was a matter only of hours. Equipped with noise-making devices, sufficient to out-Bedlam Bedlam, they were prepared to make the afternoon one long reverberating din.

And so they did. Nor was this all. Spurred on by hopes of certain success, their ingenuity knew no bounds. It was not enough that they should parade past the Sewanee hostelry the morning before the game, bearing a bier on which rested all that was mortal of the purple team in the guise of a grinning skeleton. No, this was hardly enough. Their imagination must have further outlet. They must, forsooth, in contempt of a rival's prowess, devise a more subtle allegory picturing the utter annihilation of the vanquished. Even so.



Just before the referee's whistle announced the beginning of the struggle, four stalwart sons of Afric's shimmering sands appeared upon the campus, supporting on their shoulders the remains of what the spectators were supposed to fancy a tiger—indeed, no other than the Sewanee Tiger. It was a humorous—nay, a contemptuous—spectacle, but one not without pathos. The pathetic side, it is true, Vanderbilt failed to realize until she found that she had reckoned without her host. Around the arena the corpse was borne. The crowd laughed and chirped, as crowds will, but what do they understand? Some who were charitably disposed declared it mean and little that Vanderbilt should “rub it in” so severely.

Remember now, all this was before the game. Now listen.

The fight is on. The crowds press against the fence surrounding the gridiron. Sewanee kicks off and Vanderbilt has the ball. Four, six, two, twenty yards are torn off. Edgerton and Davis and Tigert are working with might and main. The purple line reels and staggers before the fierce assault. On and on, charge upon charge, until the oval rests upon the twenty-yard line and the purple goal-posts beckon in the near distance. A rally, and the Tigers come into their own. They're up and away now! Plunge, skirt, hurdle, Sewanee, for the battle is doubtful! You can hear the heavy breathing of the opposing players nerved to do their utmost.

See! The chalk lines disappear one after another beneath the onward charge. The purple gains surely. Slowly but absolutely relentlessly that terrific line offense is battling to victory. It is certain, it is irresistible, it is inevitable. And look! The limit is reached and the Tiger has drawn first blood.

And now the first edge of excitement is dulled. True, the contest is still dubious, but the crowd has been thrilled by wonder at seeing the Mountaineers do what had never been expected of them. It is now for Vanderbilt to show her hand.

The second half begins. Out of the bleachers comes a megaphonic voice to the Commodores: “Lay out Lemoine!” There's no time tho' to heed the vulgar herd on the side. The Commodores have their brains full of means to put a stop to the purple offense.

Vanderbilt punts far into the territory of the foe. Sewanee's ball. They're off again. The struggle sings steadily down the field. Oho, to the thirty-yard line! They stop. What's the matter? A heavy thud only and Sewanee is thrown for a loss. What, again? Third down and no gain? Yes, for Colmore is dropping back to try a drop for goal. No score and Vanderbilt brings the ball to her twenty-five yard line for a kick-off.

Again Sewanee drives her terrible guards-back against the rival defense. The ball is lost and here the Yellow Jacket shows his sting. It's forty yards to Sewanee's goal. Can they make it? It's Edgerton on the right, Edgerton on the left, Edgerton through center! Five yards more, and he's over. Hats off to Edgerton!

The score is 6 to 5. Sewanee has kicked goal; Vanderbilt hasn't. There are seventeen minutes to play. Can the Commodores score again? is in everybody's mind.

Sewanee kicks off. Vanderbilt's ball. "Lay out Lemoine!" sing the rooters. The center of the field is reached. Sewanee's ball on downs. Now, go it, Tigers! Make assurance doubly sure. Bring back those big guards and charge the foe. It's done. Onward to the four-yard line sweeps the mighty struggle. Resistance is useless. 89-2-5, and Phillip's form whistles through the air for the second touchdown and victory! VICTORY!! VICTORY!!!



A SONNET

'Tis said that in the ancient race of Pan,
Where every runner bears a lighted torch,
Each one of those who join the onward march,
Forward presses with what speed he can;
But when, grown faint and weary in his soul,
He, exhausted, falls, another yearning
For like glory takes the torch still burning.
Praying it may be his to reach the goal,
So we who run the feverish race of life,
Hoping each to win immortal fame,
Falling, failing, unequal to the strife,
Happy if the world recall our name—
E'en tho' dying, content should be to see
The torch of Truth borne on to Victory?

FALLEN FLOWERS

Flowers of yesterday
Along life's pathway strewn,
Their perfumes passed away
To bitterness too soon,
Soiled by the mud and mire
Of faithlessness, desire,
Their petals drooped and fell.
Flowerets of innocence,
Purest in the dell,
Till lovers' dalliance
Crept like a worm within,
And turned their spotless purity to sin.

Nurtured by Nature's breath,
Sweet was their fragrance then;
Transplanted from the heath
To some dank, marshy fen,
They doffed their purity,
Heedless of futurity,
And breathed the air of scorn,
Of malice, envy, dearth,
And turned to night the morn,
And from the same sweet earth
Where once the lily grew,
Changed as by fate upsprang the baneful rue.

A SUMMER'S DAY

Love's dream is joyous to my soul,
And as my cot I leave at morn,
Love fills me with a radiance whole
As doth the sun the earth at dawn.

As through the fields I stroll along,
The lark pours forth her happy song;
The air is sweet with new mown hay,
The pine trees sigh in gentle sway.

The rippling brook that murmurs by,
The birds that sing in tree tops nigh,
The crows that caw in labored flight,
All fill me with a pure delight.

I hear cows low in fields astray,
I see the lambs like children play,
And lasses greet me with a smile,
As here I lean against the stile.

The sun goes down with lurid glow,
The landscape darkens from my sight;
With radiant heart I homeward go,
Mid still approaches of the night.

The Touch of Nature That Makes the Whole World Kin

“WOMAN-preachah?” snorted Caroline contemptuously, in answer to a visiting neighbor’s question. “Naw, I ain’t been to heah no woman-preachah; an’ whut’s mo’, I ain’t gwine to heah none, nuthah.”

Caroline had been for some time one of the most faithful members of St. Paul’s Mission for Colored People at Sewanee, and on the morning in question had been busily engaged in “doin’ the washin’” for the devoted young theologian in charge of the Mission, when she was accosted by one of her colored friends who had dropped in for a neighborly visit. There had been nothing unusually interesting or exciting in the conversation, which had, indeed, followed the accustomed order of commonplace questions and answers, until her visitor had incidentally asked if she had yet been down to Winchester to hear the woman preacher who was arousing a great deal of religious excitement in a “pertracted meetin’” in the neighboring county seat.

Her visitor was naturally a little taken aback at the unexpected reply and hastened to ask, in some astonishment:

“Law, Sis’ Calline, whut makes you talk dat away?”

“Well, honey,” replied Caroline, “bein’s it’s you, and we’re both ol’ frien’s, I don’ min’ tellin’ you how cum I don’ take no stock in dese heah woman-preachahs.

“You remembah dat woman whut raised sech a commotion in de chu’ch at de big baptizin’ las’ summah? Well, jes’ ’bout dat time, Miss Cassie she done gib me dat green silk waist which she been promisin’ to gib me fur two years back; an’ ’bout de same time Mars Ren he gib me a bran new yallah tie an’ I had a new skirt whut I made myself, and den I thought I’d weah fur de first time dat big straw hat wid de red roses whut Miss Carrie gib me when I lef’ de mountain las’ fall. An’ law, chile! when I got dem things on I was ‘hot stuff’—I was sho’!

“De green waist was powerful thin fur me, an’ I had to squeeze mightily ’fore I could git it on. But shucks! I knowed it was de fashion to weah ’em tight, an’ I jes’ squeezed and squeezed untwell I finally got it on an’ all de buttons fastened but de las’ one, which no kind of pullin’ couldn’t git through de hole.

“I had done run down to Winchester to see my sistah whut was sick, an’ de niggahs was all goin’ wild over de she-preachah, an’ I sez to myself, I’ll jes’ sashey down to de meetin’ house an’ gib dem niggahs a s’prize. An’ sho’ ’nough, honey, I did.

“When I walked up de aisle wid dat new checked skirt, and dat green waist an’ dat big straw hat, wid de red roses a-bobbin’ eroun’ wid ebery step I took, de chu’ch was already packed, an’ I knowed dat ebery niggah in it was dyin’

wid envy! But I was dat tight *pinched*, honey, dat I could hardly git my breff, an' I was mos' skeered outen my wits for fear dat some of de buttons was gwine give way—an' I knowed dar warn't no gittin' 'em back through de holes ef dey once cum out.

"Well, I was a-settin' dar, honey, a-thinkin' 'bout dem buttons an' 'bout dem niggahs whut was all a-lookin' at me wid de envious eye—"

"Calline" had suddenly stopped the frequent gestures with which she had been illustrating her description, and, placing her arms akimbo, she turned upon her visitor an indignant expression of wounded pride, with the question:

"An' whut you s'pose dat woman-preachah done? 'Sis' Johnson,' says she, loud 'nough fur ebery niggah in de house to heah her, 'Sis' Johnson, WILL YOU LEAD US IN PRAYAH?'

"Law, honey, I warn't thinkin' 'bout no prayah. I was so took aback I kinder caught my breff right quick befo' I thought—and dar went a button! Dat made me so mad wid de woman dat I kinder swell up in my righteous indignation—an' de green waist done *split*, right down de back!

"Whut did I do, honey? Whut did I do? I jes' riz up right wha I was, an' I walked out de chu'ch wid all dem niggahs a-grinnin' at me, an' I ain't stopped twell I got clean back to my sistah's house. An' I ain't been back sence dat day—an' I ain't gwine back, nuther, 'cause I don' believe in stemporaneous prayah, nohow. You heah me!"

"AD FINEM"

Scene—Morgan's Steep.

Time—5 P.M., one week after their quarrel.

Personnel—Miss Summergirl and Mr. Charlie Mashum.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Well, I'm here."

"Oh, are you?"

"Eyesight not failing, I hope."

"Now come, don't get sarcastic, Mr. Mashum."

[Pause.]

"Well sir, haven't you anything to say?"

"Me, why no. I thought you had. I got your note."

"Oh, did you? Have you nothing to tell me, Mr. Mashum?"

"You sent for me, Miss Summergirl."

"I did not! You know I did not."

"Well, you asked me to come out here, didn't you?"

"No, sir, I did not. I told you in the note that I would be out here at 5 o'clock."

"O-h-h!"

"I like your conceit, sir. I sent for you, indeed!"

"Anyhow, it sounded that way."

"Did it? I know a voice that resembles a sick calf's sometimes."

He fumbles with his cap. She digs into the dirt with her heel. He arises:

"Well, if that's all you have to say to me, Miss Summergirl, I'll say goodbye to you."

"Really, Mr. Mashum, I wouldn't be so restless, if I were you."

"Restless? Why, I'm not restless. You have insulted me twice within a week."

"Insulted you? How?"

"Why, in Forensic you gave my dance away, and a minute ago you insinuated that my voice was that of a sick calf's."

"Ha, ha, ha, you are really ridiculous, Mr. Mashum."



"That may be, Miss Summergirl, but I shan't stay here to be insulted."

"Well, why don't you go on, sir? I'm not holding you, sir."

"I will." After he has moved a little distance— "Oh Mr. Mashum, I have something to say to you, please." He returns. "Well?"

"I just wanted to say to you that I am sorry that I gave your dance away."

"Is that all, Miss Summergirl?"

"Why, yes. You took so long to come for me, you know."

"I beg your pardon, Zalie—I mean Miss Summergirl—I was standing right near you in that figure."

"I never saw you, Mr. Charlie, and you know that I never."

"Well, Zalie, it looked mighty queer." (Seats himself again at her side.)

"I suppose that it did, Charlie. But really, I am sorry now. I—I really would not hurt you Charlie, and you know that, too."

(Suspensions of a deluge.)

"There, there now, Zalie, dear. I was a brute for getting mad. I'm such a chump, you see."

(A suppressed sob.)

"Don't, don't Zalie. I know I've got an awful temper."

"Charlie, I have wanted to tell you I was sorry before, but my pride held me back. You believe I am sorry, don't you?"

"Yes, Zalie. But when did you begin to feel sorry. When did—did you write the note? Was it an impulse?"

"Yes, Charlie, I wrote it last night."

"What did you eat for supper last night, Zalie? Did you have any Welsh rarebit?"

"Why no, Charlie. What makes you ask such a funny question?"

"Well, you see Welsh rarebits give one indigestion, and that generally leads to the 'blues,' and when one is blue one generally writes notes."

"Why, why (jumping up), what on earth do you mean, sir? Oh, I hate you! Good day, sir!"

She takes the short road home, he the long one.



A Mystery of Theologs' Pool

THE long horizontal arrows shot Sewaneeward by the low western sun were piercing congenial dust clouds on the Boulevard des Petites Porcettes de l'Universite. Through the eddying, gold-moted simoonette, with all the bravery of custom, paced slowly the two rival queen bees of the Summer-Girl Hive. "And both were young, and one was beautiful." The Summer Junior took his choice and paid his rare sestertia at the till of Conjure, the All-Chemist.

Miss Claire Lakely, from far northwest of the mountain, was literally fair to see. Blonde waves of soft hair strayed from her swan-like neck, dallying with every caress of the wind, impaled upon each golden shaft sped by the sun-god. White samite, wonderful were her ungloved hands, and the soft oval of her cheek gleamed eburnian. Stately her step where the wayside guttered not, where the pangs of village improvement had caused to flee the god-sires of our fair Avenoo. Haughty the turn of her head as blood could warrant; for, so ran the ever veracious Sewanee legend, it was Pa who had sat upon the remains of young Curzon-in-law at the wheat pit, swiping a billion or more. The curl of her imperial lip was hall-marked for the runner who read, "Best quality Western reserve."

So like her, yet so different, Miss Brune Lenoir, from the far, far South, where the Sewanee brand of Bishops needs no Bush, and where alumni fill cathedrals. Lissome as the willow, with her midnight masses of coronetted waves, endarkening still more her iserine wells of fathomless eye, this girl-progeny of the sub-tropic Land of Carnival glided along the Young West as dazzling, yet inscrutable, as her own Mardi Gras.

The one was plainly preordained for type of the Fair in the highest school of modern deOviesquian art. Nam contra, the other was proper to replace the Missing Link of Model in those massive mittelalter canvasses of the art galleries of the University.

"By the Shade of my Grandsire, the D.D.," cried the current poet laureate, "they awake my drowsing muselet!" And rushing to the portal of the All-Chemist, he scrawled upon a prescription paper with burning and with borrowed pencil:

"One like the leaf-housed bud sweet May discloses:
Sweetly unlike, yet so alike in this—they are two Roses."

"Mehercule!" growled the Much-Past Worshipful Laureate, peering over his shoulder, "I always did like that couplet since Albery penned it ere Nineveh was builded. Hear how the eldest of my laureates, whose face is on my cloister walls, once did englory a somewhat similar scene."

Seizing a stubby pencil, the Much-Past Worshipful Laureate sucked it awhile for Memory, ere he wrote:

"Forth from the Temple of Clouds, the curtain of dust and of sunset,
Strode the Summer Girl, queenhood in garments resplendent.
Suavity unto the Senior, in letters of Dust on her Forehead,
And round the hem of her robe, the Theolog—yea, and the Junior."

"Bah!" ejaculated old Avunculus Robertus, riding gracefully over the Major's toe with his automobile. "Now, in Carolina we—" but the crowd fled, yelling as if in pain, their feet making pills of the prescription paper.

And onward, all unknowing of comment, as is the badge of all their tribe, sauntered the belles, not letting e'en one eyelash quiver Crow's Nestward.

"Wasn't it just too lovely that we got to be room-mates at the Corner?" Miss Lakely was saying glibly. "We Northerners really know so little of you Southerners, and you're just delightful! I was saying to Mr. Green this morning—don't you like Mr. Green? I think he's just delightful!"

"We are old friends; he comes from my State," the darker girl answered naively.

"Didn't he rush you a steeplechase rush last year?" the Westerner went on heedlessly. "They all say he did; and I just don't wonder, for you're just delightful."

Miss Lenoir's iserine pupils dilated in childish wonder as her vocal velvet carried the words:

"I? Dear me; nobody ever rushed *me*!"

"It's just delightful out at Theologs' Pool!" There was reminiscence in Miss Lakely's voice, and a becoming flush struggled with the dust on her peach-blow cheek. "You've been with him to the pool, haven't you, Brune?"

"I think—why, yes, I must have been." The Southern girl was trying hard to remember. "O, there's the dear Dean; no, it's only the Rector; they say he looks like him. Wonder if *he* knows it?"

"And when you went to the Pool"—the persistence in Miss Claire's tone plainly said, bother the dear Dean and the Pastor *pour lagniette*. "What did Mr. Green do—*a—er—* say?"

"Why, how can I remember, Claire?"

They had passed the Park, admired its undulations and praised its tiled walks, criticised the statuary, and watched the fountains rear on high their ambitious spirals. Now they turned, sailing undulatorily, to the west, like consort galleons, gorgeous-rigged and full-freighted with loveliness, seeking younger discoveries near the Sunset.

A group of aged men in glittering togas—Consuls, Magistri, Doctoresque—had gathered for the evening ceremonies beneath the massive peristyle of Temple Equebe. Senile, yet reminiscent, they glanced under-lidded and eyeglassly toward the passing temptation.

"Of a truth they have discovered *To kalon* of mine ancient and best-beloved tongue," quoth the Proconsul. "They are very vestals of Hymen, Greek Highpriest of Love! I have promised them an especial festival Germanicus. 'Twill be held in the new Forensic on the first night of the fifth month."

"Will they get it?" whispered Nollus, the Quæstor, to Episcopus Magnus.

"Nitte!" murmured the Prelate. "*Egometipse hostes donavi!*"

Just then limped up Jonbelli, the Scribe, bent beneath the weight of the huge sack upon his shoulder. He smacked his lips—

"Pol, they are Academic! I had thought to have them photographed by Negativus, the Everprompt, scantily draped and supported by Cherubs of the Grammar School, as frontispiece for the April Review. These," he added wearily, shifting the sack to the other shoulder, "are a few of the jokes contributed by the bishops and deans to the Society Department."

"It were indeed precipitated," quoth Chemicalus. "But I weep that they are so greatly composed of water and gas. Their proportion of solid is as 3,001 per cent."

And the now horizontal lances hurled by the Parthian sun-god glanced from the gilded domes and fretted minarets of the New Gymnasium through the stained glass of the venerable chapel in splinters of fire.

"By the Kicked Goal!" cried Caput Magister, the Prefect, "I will score on their delayed pass!" and he bucked into the roadway. But the Wealthy Rusher and Cowartus, Dux Germanicus, bore down from the chapel lawn and captured the rich prizes.

"That was foul interference!" exclaimed Chaplinus, in the speech he loved next to Inspiration.

"And but for it," interjected Nautus Latinus, surnamed Pater, "myself had set them up to the cunning imitations of fruit juice of the All-Chemist in his most foaming pocula."

"*All she missed!*" sighed wee Mathematicus, and the chimes of Maudlin tower, silvering the gold of even, the Proconsul said:

"Let us to supper! But I do hear it whispered that Boscus, the Younger, hath writ an ode to their eyelashes in choicest Hebrew."

"Yea," added Presidentus Amatus, "and they do say that Lexdecanus hath covered scores of papyri with sesquipedalia verba as to their modern conquests of the youth of Gall."

Time had danced away on seven-leagued slippers. Far in the East the star-gemmed and sireless-soned goddess of dark hours was gathering her swart robes to flee the shining morning face of Phœbus. The German was over. The nine fair beings in the front room at the Corner had stood upon their trunks, taken down their hair, gone into the hallway and turned round; then had lain lengthwise to woo the drowsy god. Last of all, Miss Claire Lakely stepped queen-like from trunk to cot and twined her white, soft arms about the olive shoulders of her sleeping partner. But, in place of prayer, she whispered softly, "Brune, dear, what *did* Mr. Green do when you two went to the Pool?"

And all the sweet languors of the South saccharining her voice, Miss Lenoir whispered back, "Claire, dearest, what did he do when *yow* two went to the Pool?"

An Evening by the Sea

Seated on moss-covered rocks that projected far out in the ocean
Oft in the deepening twilight, to the music of waves I have listened.
Plaintively, sadly they sang the deep-toned dirge of the seamen
Drowned by their fury while painfully scourged by the lash of the north wind.
Oft I've beheld from the depths swift arising, the moon in her chariot,
Drawn by the fleet hours of night to the azure vault of the heavens,
Standing erect while she gracefully burnished with fingers phosphoric
Each passing cloud of the night with a beautiful lining of opal.
There have I sat impressed by this mystic stillness of evening,
And to the rhythmic cadence and beat of the waves of the ocean,
Out from the depths of my soul, I would sing to those hearts with tears laden,
Saintly, unknown, who this life as innocent outcasts have entered
By the bleak deserts, whose pathways are strewn everywhere with hearts bloodless,
Faces whose coldness has chilled all the warmth of affection within you;
That you alone know the infinite joy when for you a heart opens,
Or to your love-beaming eyes some friendly, kind glance is responding.
When such a day doth occur, evil days become quickly oblivious;
Hopelessness, solitude, pangs, meditations, though passed not forgotten
Are many links, whereby soul to confiding soul is united.



The Iconoclast

"Sweets to the Sweet"

Fol de Rol. Published every now and then in the interests of sundry wise acerbitators

EDITORIAL

O, reader, when you scrutinize
And turn each page in slight surprise
At what we've done, and left undone,
A task for some more gifted one,
Deal gently with us and recall
We're only mortal after all.
If of the songs we've sung you tire,
And miss that frenzied, lyric fire
With which the muses did conspire
To tune the true poetic lyre;
If every little tale we weave,
Should, as you read it, make you grieve;
Should you not feel the breath divine,
Of inspiration high, in fine;
If, moving in an earthly sphere
We've been inspired by earthly beer;
And if our very utmost jest
Serves but to send you on a quest
To find a point which you have missed
Because, in sooth, it don't exist;
Indeed, if all that we have wrought
And said was good, is really naught—
Ah, keep the secret, don't betray
Us to your friend, for who can say
But what the flaws so clear to you
He, blind and foolish, may not view.

A Sonnet

To the Hebdomadal Board

By A. Sinner

When in disgrace with Wiggins and the Dean
I, with my pipe, bewep my cast out state,
And terrify the boarders by my spleen
And think upon my thirst and curse my fate,
Wishing I were as slick as Babbitt's Soap,
Endowed, like Noll, with vast capacity,
Desiring some of Nauts' opium dope
That I might sleep, stumped by loquacity.
Yet while I feel like a sinful Abijah,
Haply I think on thee, and then elate,
Like to the swallows that tanked up old Elijah,
I swallow all the whiskey I can freight.
For thy sweet leniency remember'd such joy brings
I feel as though I'd dealt myself four kings.

Shakespeare et al.

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Height	5 ft. 4 ins.	6 ft. 5 ins.
Weight	90 lbs.	250 lbs.
Waist	28 ins.	34 ins.
Chest (expanded)	23 ins.	56 ins.
Chest (contracted)	21 ins.	40 ins.
Feet	15 ins.	20 ins.
Biceps	(Invisible)	30 ins.
Neck	(rubber)	17 ins.

I shall be delighted to correspond with W. S. B. in reference to his quest for a mate in life. The description which he gives of himself in your last matrimonial issue appeals most strongly to me. Above all, I adore blue eyes and gentle manners. Address,

Miss Baxom Lass, Box 61.

My Dear Editor:—I have just read, with absorbing interest, a pamphlet entitled "How to be Truthful." The subject matter is especially attractive to me, for all my life I have been on a still hunt for the means of telling the truth, and I had almost given up the search as unattainable. Now comes this little manuscript to demonstrate the method of truthfulness, and hereafter I shall be able to follow its suggestions should an emergency ever arise. I heartily commend the book to those who are in serious danger of lapsing into mendacity.

V. C.

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The University Supply Store invites your attention to its choice collection of Antique Curios, both ancient and modern, among which are to be found a choice selection of eggs for election purposes, chained Limburger, water-proof milk fresh from the pump, and educated biscuits.

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Extra prices made to students.

Dr. H. H. Powers has consented to become Sartorial Editor of Butterick's Patterns, and may be consulted at all times in regard to the latest styles in matters of dress.

Did you know that our retrouse Jervey
Once waltzed with a girl who was nervy.
Said she, "Do you s'pose
It's because of your nose
That I feel I do dance topsy turvy?"

There's a fellow exceedingly dull.
By the girls he's considered a gull.
He thinks he is h—l,
But he is merely a shell,
Hence his name is quite fitting—
A. Hull.

A skeeter bit Hampton.
Dainty and pure,
Dear little skeeter
Must take the Gold Cure.

The Iconoclast

NONSENSE RHYMES

TUEBOR

Behold the Jabberwox, my son,
And listen while he sings;
He'll chortle rhymes of college times
And cabbages and kings.
He'll also show what you should know,
And many other things.

He'll tell why Masterson exists,
Why Jay-birds come to town,
To search for sense in Bird or Shoup
Let X be Huger's gown,
And Dickinson the Minus Sign
With Radical around.

He'll also venture to explain,
Tup Tupper's ostentation;
And why Hal Abrams should go West
And marry Carrie Nation;
Why Ticknor gave the Delta Taus
A verbal application.

And why the girls love Cowart so,
And Lewis loves their mammas,
The plot of Hugger Jervey's show,
And Maeterlinckic dramas,
And why dear Tabby ought to go
Dressed up in pink pajamas.

And why the V. C. never tells
The knowledge he has got,
And why John Kershaw talks, and so
Is known as Tommy Rot,
Why Cadman never falls in love,
And Houghteling is a blot.

Then listen well, my beamish boy,
And hear the Jabberwox.
And do not heed that horrid noise—
'Tis Cousin Ethel's frocks,
But list to me, not Durrant's vest
Or Alexander's socks.

A SPORT

There was one Correthers, the Green,
An inane namby-pamby sardine,
Who went out on a spree,
"Ain't I devilish, Gee;
Watch me, boys, while I dance Serpentine."

BOTANY

"Ah, ha!" Tick cried, "the carrion flower,
At last to bloom has wriggled."
"Sweets to the sweet," Doc Billy said,
And limpid Lewis giggled.

PEGUES

There was a young man named Pegues,
Who was horribly troubled with fleus,
So great was the strain,
It addled his brain,
And made him quite weak in the kneus.

NIG'S RIVAL

I never see a purple cow,
But I think of Tucker's placid brow,
His manners Frenchy and tie Ascot,
This poetical "je-ne-se-quoi" Mascot.

LE MISANTHROPE

There was a young fellow named Beans,
Who though scarcely out of his teens,
Looked down upon girls,
With their giggles and curls,
"There's nothing to youth," remarked Beans.

THE WIDOW

I'm dainty, sweet, and forty-two,
To win is my endeavor,
But men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

LE PROCTOR

Un homme nomme "Phipps," on dit
Pense qu'il y a esprit,
Mais il—eh bien, il
A absolument nil.
Ah! pardon, mon charmant Henri!

BRILLIANT SEAMAN

Now, Seaman is a brilliant boy,
Who studies night and day,
His very head is brilliant bright,
He dreams in repartee.

TIMID MR. BISHOP

Oh, how can I upon this hill,
My gentle footsteps lead?
The dogwood's barking 'mongst the trees,
The bulrush is in the mead.

DE ROSSET

A tooter who tooted the flute,
A tooter bow-legged and cute,
Why is it I wonder,
His voice is like thunder,
And his legs ain't as long as his flute?

THE PLEAS OF THE FRATS

O come and join the A. T. O.
And be a leader in the social show,
You can go to Colmore's each night for tea,
And for chums have of the facultee.
It costs a hundred bucks, you know,
But come and join the A. T. O.

You'd better join the S. A. E.'s,
The selectest of fraternities.
You can be a Red Ribbon or Sphinx or Snake,
Or in journalism the lead can take.
We're after honors not degrees,
So come and join the S. A. E.'s.

The Iconoclast

O join the kindergarten crowd,
 Doc Lonberg's teacher—you'll be allowed
 To wear a star and crescent pin,
 And walk a mile to the Frat-meetin',
 And you'll be doctored free of charge,
 If you're on the Kappa Sigma barge.

O come and join the Delta Tau,
 The boys that never break the law.
 We'll send you on the football trips,
 And faculty will o'erlook your slips.
 For Father Noll and Dickey Hogue
 Have made the Deltas all the vogue.

"O come and join my crowd of boys,
 And learn Phi Delta Theta's joys,
 I'll pay your dues and buy your pin,
 If we can only rope you in.
 So just put on the blue and white,
 Read Mr. Baird—you'll see I'm right."

Come with us and join K. A.
 A devilish crowd of chappies gay,
 We'll teach you how to be a sport,
 To play jack-pot and run the court,
 And with Wheless you can be friendlee,
 The biggest little man in the 'Varsitee.

Come with us and you shall see,
 A strictly moral fraternitee,
 We're postulants and preachers gay,
 So come and be a Pi. K. A.,
 And study morning noon and night,
 And stand with the faculty out of sight.

THE END

See yourselves as others see you
 Mend your faults and follies,
 We do not intend a soul to offend,
 But to show you your folderolies.

BOOK NOTICES

The most popular books of the year have
 been :—

Ananias Outdone. *B. L. Wiggins.*

How to be Happy Tho' Handsome.
H. W. Jervey.

Wild Animals I have Imitated.
Royal Bengal Tucker.

Myself. *Beans Evans.*

Higher Criticism. *Handicap Hare.*

My Rise to Fame. *Bokes Rylance.*

Musings of a Retired Band Leader.
Sousa M. Bird.

WANTS, ETC.

WANTED—A reason for existence.
A. HULL.

WANTED—A new color for vests. Loudness
 no objection. The tint should be hideously
 handsome.
H. L. DURRANT.

WANTED—A second-hand B.A. hood in ex-
 change for athletic goods.
H. D. PHILLIPS.

WANTED—To know towards which one I am
 the more amatorily inclined.
T. A. CHEATHAM.

WANTED—A remedy to remove Hare.

WANTED—Something at Sewanee which
 meets Osborne's approval.

LOST—Possibly beyond recall, a modicum of
 cheap wit. Finder will receive the thanks of
 the owner and the anathema of the student
 body.

J. M. JONES.



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The End



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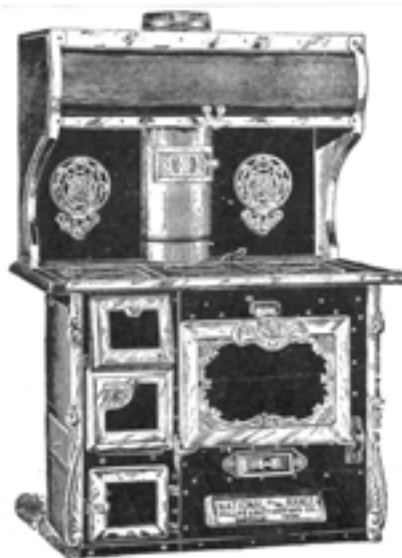
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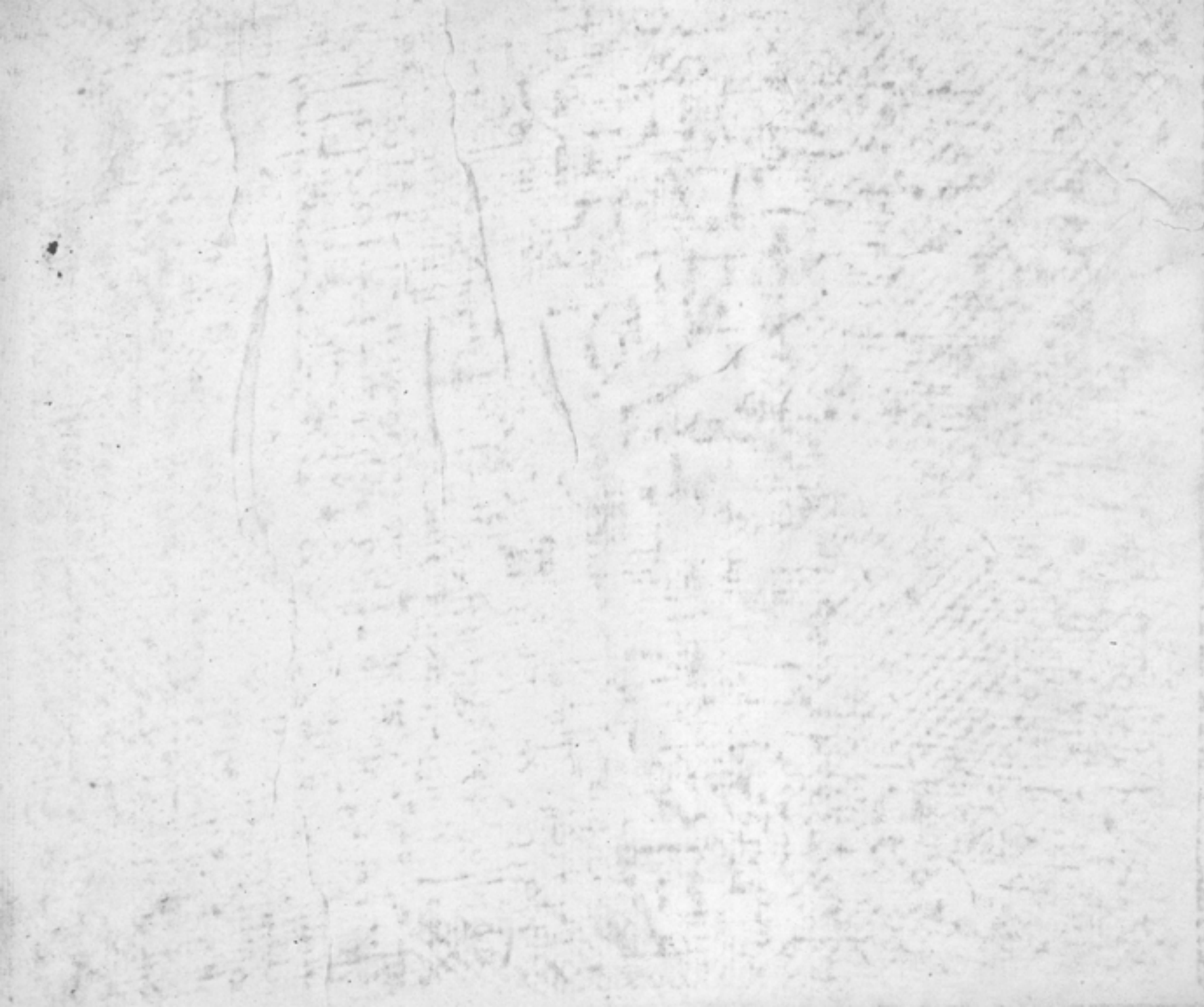


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